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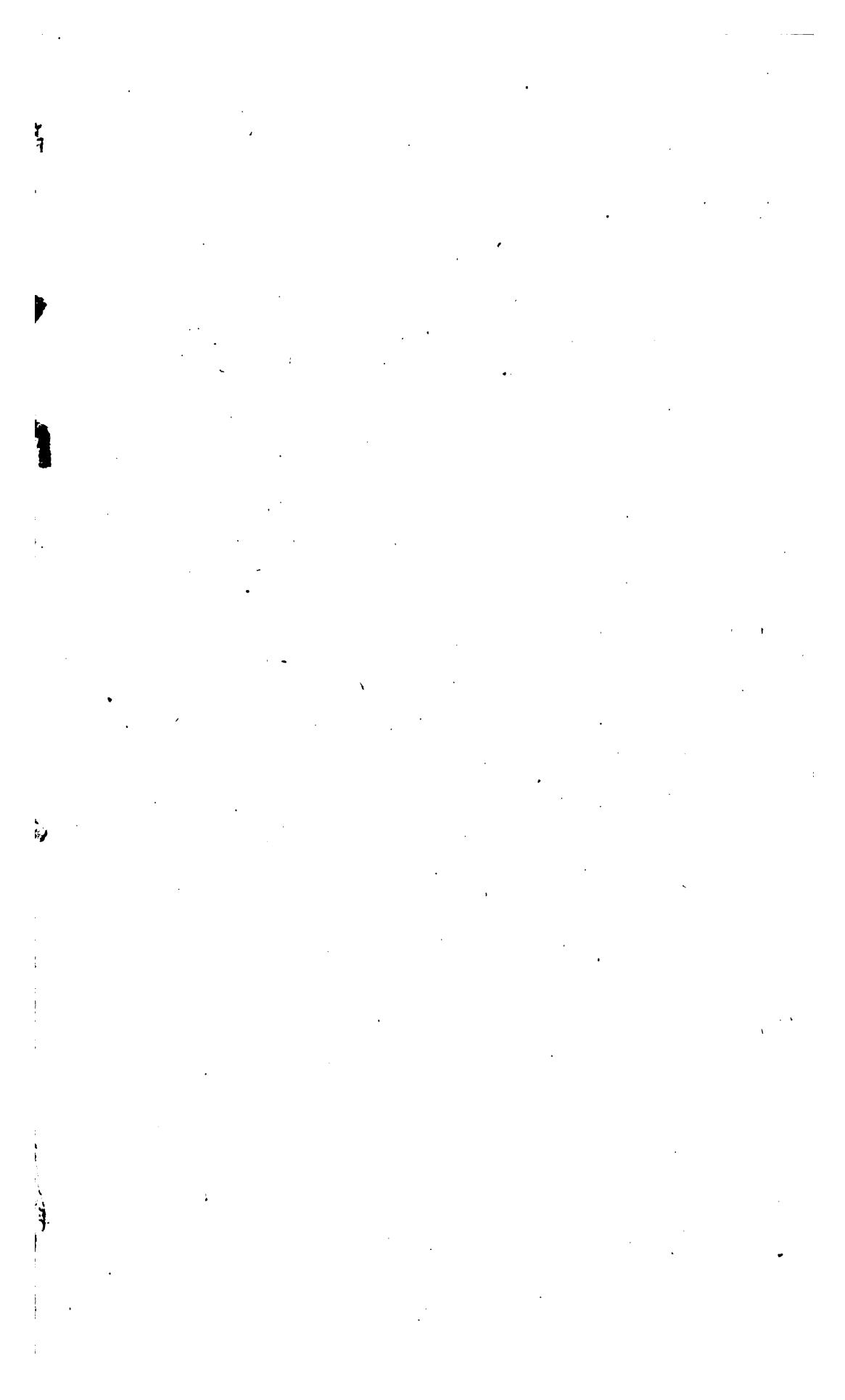
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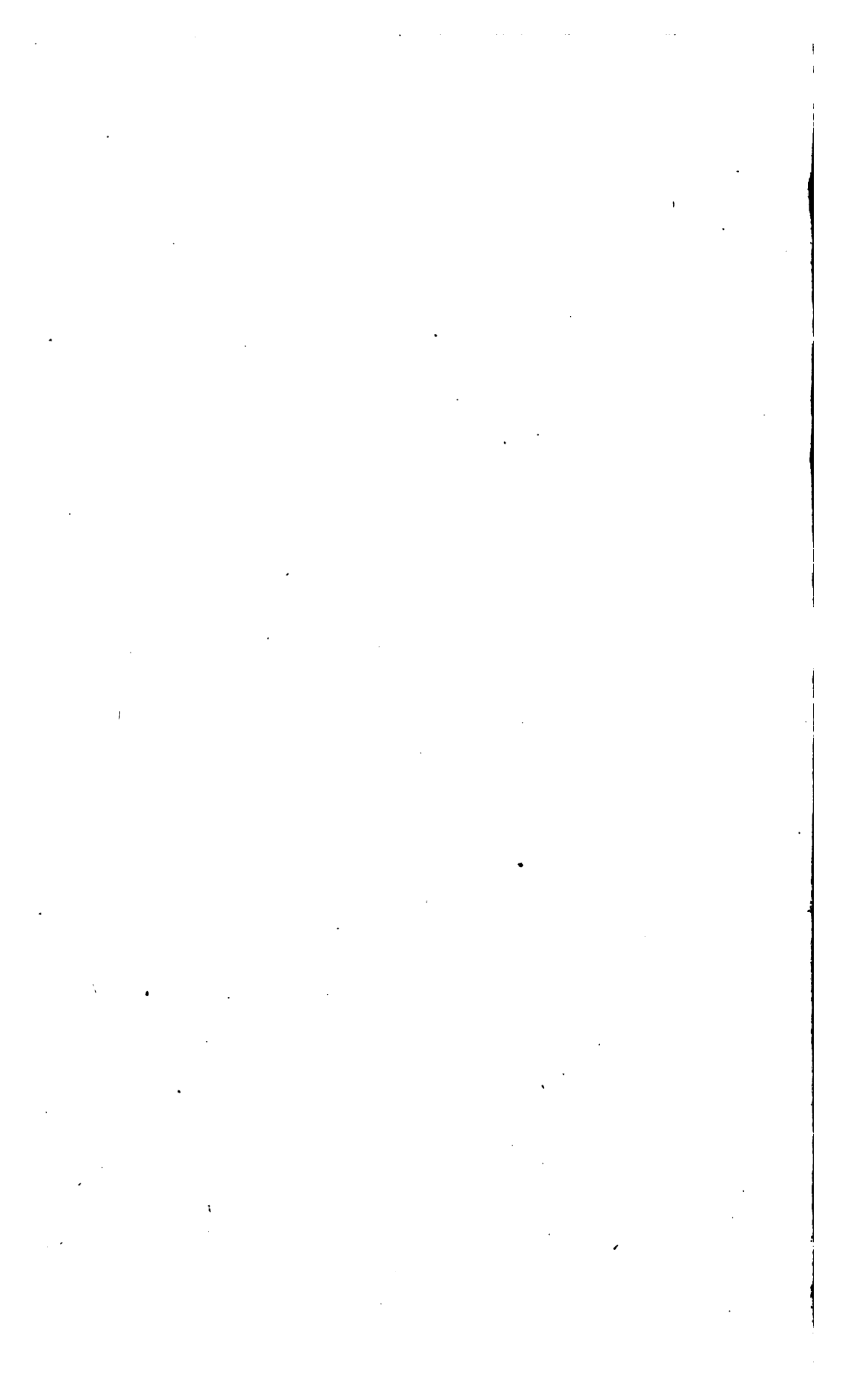
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THE ARTIFICIAL FLOWER MAKER.

A charming occupation! exclaim some of our lady readers, the children of ease and affluence, who to kill time pursue their elaborate embroidery in elegant frames, and copying from costly patterns.

O, yes! very charming indeed is it to fashion these pretty wreaths and bunches of flowers, as a *recreative* employment, but it is *labor*, tedious, monotonous, unremitting labor, to those who depend upon it for their bread—no more attractive as an occupation, pursued of necessity, than the fitting of dresses or the stitching of shirts. The flowers are artificial, without fragrance, as are the lives of too many of the friendless, hardworking poor.

But we have one of the class, a rather pretty, hopeful and cheerful girl, to introduce, and she will help us to furnish the sketch which the picture of herself requires.

Unlike most of the heroines of humble life, she has neither a widowed mother, nor an infirm father, nor little brothers and sisters, early orphaned, to support. No, she is quite alone, and there is enough of mystery concerning her origin to furnish three or four

chapters of a modern romance. She has not an idea of where she was born, or who were her parents. She knows a very plain, matter of fact man, named Thompson, we believe—a carman, who said to her one day, three years ago—

“Nelly, you are now fourteen years old. Twelve years ago two respectable looking persons, a man and a woman, came to my house and said—‘Mr. Thompson, you are an honest man, your wife is an excellent woman, and has just presented you with a fine baby’—all of which I did not deny. Then they said that they wanted my wife to take charge of another baby, and to bring it up, and protect it till it was twelve years old, when it would be claimed. We talked the matter over, and at last agreed upon the terms. The next day, the baby—that was you, Nelly—was brought, and with it one thousand dollars, which I was to have for taking care of you for the twelve years, up two years ago. But you’ll not be claimed, Nelly, I know, for the man and woman, who must have been your parents, showed no sign of

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feeling when they laid you down in my wife's lap, handed me the money, and then disappeared. I expected to see the woman kiss you, or press your little hands, and it would have been only natural, had she dropped a tear on the helpless innocent she was leaving among strangers. She did neither, but hurried away as fast as she could, which makes me think that she'll be in no hurry to come back again."

Nelly, as she told us herself, not long since, wept bitterly when the honest carman had got thus far in his story, but he continued without appearing to notice her emotion:

"The thousand dollars are not all gone yet—there are good four hundred left, which belong to you, Nelly, as I think, though by the bargain they are mine. It never struck me until a year ago that I should have put the money to interest—but it's too late now. Well, it is time you should be doing something. The only mother you ever knew, is gone, Nelly—there's a new wife at the old board, and a new brood of children gathered round it. You know what I mean—you feel it, Nelly, and so I won't say another word."

Nelly understood the carman, as well as though he had spoken an hour longer. She thought with him, that her parents, not having claimed her when the twelve years expired, were either dead or had forgotten her. She dried her tears, and resolved to learn a trade.

"And I chose this," she said to us, holding up a bunch of flowers she was at work upon, and smiling faintly as she spoke, "I chose this, because I love flowers, and even these their poor counterfeits beget very pleasant thoughts."

"How do you get along?" we asked.

"Much better than most of the poor girls who follow the same business, for honest Mr. Thompson paid me the four hundred dollars when I left his house, and from that I draw thirty dollars a year to clothe me. The rest is in the bank in Chambers street. All that I earn I spend for food, fuel, and rent?"

"And how much do you earn a day?" we enquired.

"A good day's work nets me three shillings—that's two dollars and a quarter a week: but a year ago I didn't make half that, and the first year I was cheated wickedly. Shall I tell you how they cheat poor girls in this artificial flower business?"

"Yes, do."

"Why they advertise in the papers for girls to learn to make artificial flowers, describing it as good business. The girls apply and are told that they must work six months for nothing. Then they will have learned the trade, and afterwards can make good wages. I engaged on these terms. It is simple enough to make flowers—I knew all about it in a week, but I was faithful to the agreement and worked steadily for six months."

"What then?"

"The man told me that he had no more work for me—that when he had, he would send for me, and he turned away and engaged six new apprentices before my very face. I understood the trick in a moment."

"That was rascally, but do you mean to say that all in the business pursue such a system?"

"O no," she replied, "if they did I could earn nothing. But I'll tell you what they all do systematically—they all pay very low wages. You don't know how frightened I was at first, to see my four hundred dollars diminish so fast—but I do very well now, all things considered."

"But tell me, Nelly," we asked, "how you manage to pay rent, and buy fuel and food, with two dollars and a quarter a week?"

"O very easy—I pay seventy-five cents a week for this room, and the kind people down stairs allow me to wash out my few things on their wash day. I burn coke, which costs four dollars a caldron—it's a cheap and nice fire. I never eat meat—but once or twice a week I treat myself to fish, a few oysters or clams. My principal food is bread, raisins, figs—sometimes tapioca, which is very nutritious, and of which I am very fond. My principal drink is water—the Croton is delicious, but now and then I make a dish of black tea, and invite the lady down stairs to gossip with me for an hour or two."

"But you could board very comfortably for two dollars a week," we said.

"I tried that, but soon grew weary of it," the flower maker replied, and the blood mantling in her cheek, as she spoke, told of some painful remembrance connected with her experience of boarding-house life. After a moment's pause she continued,

"A poor girl, with no protection, had better live secluded and alone, than in a boarding-house in a city like this. At first I was delighted with my boarding-house—it was quite genteel, and the young men were very polite to me. But after awhile it became unpleasant."

"What made it so?" we asked.

The girl hesitated, her fingers trembled among the flowers she was fashioning, and her face, at first crimson, grew pallid. She spoke tremulously and slowly,

"I found that those who addressed me so politely, and who flattered me, did not respect me, and something told me, that such people I ought to shun."

"But you might have been mistaken."

"So I thought myself, and tried to think, but—"

"Well?"

"God gave me reason to insure my safety and happiness. It would have been wicked to blind myself to the truth, which I could so clearly see. I'll tell you," she continued, speaking with greater difficulty, while her eyes were fastened upon the flowers which trembled in her hand—

"Among my acquaintances was a young man, who frequently took me to the theatre, concerts, and other places of amusement—and he came often to the house and passed an hour or two in the parlor, where the boarders assembled in the evening. He was very attentive and courteous. One evening an old gentleman who boarded in the house said to me—'You are quite intimate with young Mr. Vickar, I see—his father lives two doors be

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Now us, and he has a beautiful daughter of about your own age. Has the young man introduced you to his sister? I saw the purport of the question, but I was obliged to answer that I was not acquainted with Miss Vickar. The old gentleman took my hand kindly, as he said—'If Mr. Vickar respected you, my poor child, he would have made you acquainted with his sister.' They need to be cautious, who are not strong. I almost ran to Mr. Thompson's house to beg that he would allow me to board with him, but the carman was packing up his furniture and preparing to go West and settle. So I sought me out this room, which is comfortable, and in a house occupied by poor and plain but good people."

"Coming here, you were no longer annoyed, I suppose?"

"For a little time," the girl answered, "I was alone and saw none of my former acquaintances. But one day Mr. Vickar presented himself. I expressed my surprise at seeing him. He told me that he had hunted over half the town to find me. Remembering what the old gentleman had told me, or rather the intimation conveyed in his words, I coldly replied that I could not understand the cause of his anxiety. Then the gentleman became warm and passionate in his expressions, and on one or twice swore what I dare say are esteemed very beautiful oaths under such circumstances!"

"Well?"

"He then began to enlarge upon the narrowness of the limits of my life, and talked sentimentally about the shabbiness of my room. Then he grew eloquent on my beauty and at last told me that he loved me."

"And wished you to marry him?"

"O no, he simply wished to take me from that 'wretched garret' and place me in apartments 'suitable to my beauty and youth.' He implored me not to remain a day longer in such a hovel—but fly with him. And after saying all this he attempted to put his arms around my waist. I quietly avoided the embrace, and speaking as calmly as I do now, informed him that he had made a decided mistake, that I was not the girl he took me to be. He tried to interrupt me with a few more extravagances, but I stopped him by saying that I was tired of that kind of display, and wished to be alone. He left me and I passed the rest of the day in tears. But his persecutions did not cease. He came several times, each time renewing his insulting offers, until I was obliged to inform the good woman down stairs of the whole matter. She promised that my elegant friend, Mr. Vickar, should not trouble me but once more. That once came a few nights afterward. Mr. Vickar walked into my room, without the ceremony of knocking, and seating himself by my side, began to talk in the usual way, but with a little more insolence than he had heretofore exhibited. I was meditating how best to reply, when the door opened, and the husband of my landlady presented himself. Over his broad shoulders I could see his wife peeping curiously.

"Mr. Vickar?" said the honest, big fisted workman, looking enquiringly at my companion.

"Yes," replied the gentleman, rising with evident embarrassment. "Yes, my name is Vickar—what do you wish?"

"Why my intention is, if you have no objection, to kick you down these three flights of stairs," answered the workman with most insulting gravity.

"Vickar grew pallid and his voice trembled in spite of himself, as he said—

"But suppose I do not wish to be kicked down stairs, and have the weapons on my person to protect me from the proposed indignity?"

"O in that case," said my champion, laughing loudly as he spoke—"in that case, I'll throw you out of this window—it's the shortest cut—and he seized the young gallant, as though he would execute his threat.

"Vickar begged for mercy piteously.

"Ask that young lady's pardon," demanded the now enraged workman.

"I will willingly spare Mr. Vickar that humiliation," I interposed, "if he will relieve me of his presence."

"Beg her pardon," repeated the workman turning the young gentleman round towards me, in his powerful grasp.

"I beg your pardon, miss," faltered out Mr. Vickar.

"And swear you will insult her no more with your presence," continued the workman, compressing his fingers around the young man's throat.

"I swear most solemnly," he gasped out.

"Now go," and the workman spun him round for a moment like a top, and kicked him through the door. I heard the kicks repeated, as the party made their way down stairs, and the jeering laugh of my landlady, who called out at last.

"Give him one good kick more, husband, for luck's sake."

"The kick was given I suppose, the street door was slammed violently to, and I saw no more of my lover. But still poverty must put up with the insolence of wealth. I have been followed home, again and again, and again and again being importuned in a similar manner. There appears to be a large class of young men in this city, who have nothing to do but stare impudently at all women, rich and poor, and follow to their abodes, those whom they think have no protectors. I suppose they call this gallantry, and I have been the object of enough of it. My good friends down stairs have three or four times taken the trouble to inform these unknown admirers that I am not quite friendless. It is singular, the effect which a glimpse of that honest workman's big fists, has upon these fine gallants. They vanish, as it were, from the doorway, and although my landlady invariably runs to the door, she declares that she can never get a sight of them. They turn a sharp corner so skilfully and fleetly that her quick eyes cannot follow them.

"And have you no friends?"

"No, only one—the bird in the cage you—

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der, which I do not trust at large, and so have no fear that he will desert me. I was very wretched at first, but I am happier now. It is not quite a solitude, that life which is peopled with pleasant thoughts—and mine should be pleasant, since they bring no self-reproach—and I should be content since I am so much better off than the great majority of my class.”

And truly Nelly speaks. She has none to

love; so is her heart not wrung by misery which she cannot alleviate—that terrible misery which looks out of the glassy eyes of a sick mother, which records itself in the shrivelled forms and ghastly faces of helpless sisters and brothers—for whom hopelessly, unremittingly toils many an ill-paid ARTIFICIAL FLOWER MAKER.



THE VEST MAKER.

In the good old times there were no vest makers; but there *were* tailoresses—young women who made pantaloons, every part of a coat but the collar, and vests. Now there are tailoresses who are not vest makers; and vest makers who will deny with more or less warmth that they are tailoresses. It is a separate and distinct part of the business, as any child of Abraham will be glad to get a chance to tell you, if you are fool enough to stop and ask him, when you are passing along Chatham street.

Be pleased to understand, then, that a vest maker is one who makes vests and "doesn't do anything else." It is a good business, or, we should rather say, it would be, but for a vulgar habit that employers have of not paying very liberal prices. But the tendencies of the age are to "equality and fraternization," and it would not all surprise us, if in "the good time coming" vest makers and vest sellers should occupy less antagonistic positions toward each other than they do now. Their present positions may be defined briefly and clearly enough—the vest maker has all the labor; the vest seller all the profit. It's odd, too, that the vest sellers are men—the "lords of creation," the "champions,"

"protectors," "defenders" of the weaker sex, while the vest makers are women—women who in the rude ages of the past awoke, by their very helplessness, the soul of chivalry and manhood.

Why do we call those ages *rude*? If a woman then held out a signal of distress as an appeal for succor, recreant and dishonored knight would he be branded, who passed it by unheeded. How would it do to try the experiment in these civilized times! Does the reader think that if a pale, shrunken, shirt maker, should thrust her attenuated arm out of her garret window, and wave slowly and tremblingly to and fro, the shirt upon which she had been working for six or eight hours, for six or eight cents—that this signal of distress would summon instant relief? Would there be the tramp of manly feet up the rickety stairs leading to that solitary and miserable garret? Would the "manhood" and the "chivalry" of the city open their eyes to see the pale flag of starvation floating over the tiles? How absurd the question! This same chivalry, is a chivalry that cheapens the feathers that adorn it—a chivalry that counts cost, that cuts close—a cute chivalry—the canting chivalry of civili-

THE VEST MAKER.

zation, that gathers up industriously the statistics of crime, and weeps; that will tell you just how many courtiezans there are in the city, but which will not tell you what made them courtiezans—that cannot tell you how many of them were driven from sheer want to infamy, wedding shame to procure the bread that honest labor could not buy.

But all this has nothing to do with vest makers in general, and our vest maker, whose portrait is overhead, in particular. She is a smart and likely girl, as she says herself, and her veracity is not to be questioned for a single instant. Her parents did their best to make her helpless, but fortunately they failed. In spite of her early education, she is strong, and self-reliant. Listen to her story, and marvel, if you please, that she who tells it is yet in her teens.

"I was educated for a market—by which I mean I was educated for a rich husband. My father was a mechanic in one of the Eastern States, who worked late and early in his youth, lived economically, and saved money. From being a humble cooper, he became a dealer in fish, and, still thriving, was at length put down in the city directory—a merchant. My mother was a woman who loved to 'show off,' as the phrase is, and she kept pace with my father's prosperity, until she moved from the wall of the 'meeting house,' into one of the best pews, and the best lined pews too, in the broad aisle. Then indeed my dear mother seemed to be satisfied—she now worshipped God, and had her sins forgiven, from beneath the great chandelier which swung from the centre of the vaulted roof; and she subscribed liberally to spread the light of the gospel into the dark corners of the earth. It was just about this time that I was sent to a fashionable boarding school, where the rules required with each pupil

'Six towels and a spoon.'

My mother was determined that I should have the advantages of education—and I was accordingly stuffed with scraps of all the sciences for two years and a half. How delighted she was with me, when I returned. My education had been a *hash*, but I gave her from it a *taste* of botany, astronomy, geology, music, French, Latin, German, and no English,—and she was a proud mother, the next Sunday, I can assure you. Her only care now was to get a husband worthy (rich enough) such a paragon of a girl. Before

she was able to make this selection, my father failed, and the picture of my life began to lose its brighter colors. He gathered up the wreck of his property, removed to this city, and broken in spirit, commenced the world again. That was a hopeless struggle, which my poor father entered into; the strong man grew weaker day by day; the clouds darkened around him, and he died, leaving not enough to pay his funeral expenses. The blow fell heavily upon my mother, already stricken to the earth, and the year which she survived was a year of bitter complaining, all the more bitter to me because I could not see that idle murmurings would better our condition. I wept when she died, and left me all alone in the world, but I felt that, lacking the power patiently to endure misfortunes, it was a blessing that she had escaped them altogether, and was at peace in the grave. As for myself, I determined to set to work and earn the bread, which I plainly foresaw would not reach my mouth unless I made an effort for it. My boarding school accomplishments were not in demand in any honest market; so I learned the trade of a vest maker—and learned it in six weeks, too, and by that I have been able to live comfortably."

"Then it is a good trade?"

"Yes, one of the best I believe, which women follow in the city. I do very nice work, and average four dollars and a half a week—quite enough to give me these plain clothes, and simple, wholesome food."

"But have you never seen three hundred dollar shawls, and the gay, beautiful, happy girls, who wear them; and don't you sometimes wish that your father had not failed?"

The vest maker paused for a moment before she replied—

"I see the purport of your question—but I look with regret on no event of my life. I am poor, but I am happy because—

"You love?"

"Yes," replied the vest maker, blushing as she spoke—"I love, and singularly enough I love a—a young cooper—my father's trade. He is temperate, industrious and prudent—I am sure he will deserve success. Should he win it, I shall better enjoy prosperity, from the adverse lessons of my life; should he fail, I have tried my strength, and can bear bravely up—with a true heart, a tested courage, and—the trade of a VEST MAKER."



THE CHOIR-SINGER.

There may be plain—even homely choir-singers, but not one entirely uninteresting. Hidden from the gaze of the congregation by the little curtains in front of the orchestra, there is a romantic mystery connected with them. One is curious to know whether their faces are as charming as their voices; whether the owner of that *soprano* is married or single, old or young, pretty or homely—whether the *bass* is making love to her while the parson is preaching, or the *tenor* squeezing her hand under pretence of finding her place in the music-book? They are all so snug and secluded up there in the organ loft! What a nice place for a tender flirtation! How many vows may be whispered while the prayers are being offered up at the other end of the church! And, mayhap, notes that the congregation dream not of, and have no business to enquire into, glide out of convenient pockets, as glibly as out of bird-like throats! How pleasant to have a seat in the organ-loft, especially if the dispenser of the word

be a little heavy and prosy! Pleasant naps up there in the summer time, too!

The fashionable churches, so called, employ, and at round rates too, their music. They subscribe to the maxim, that they who dance are in duty bound to remunerate the violinist. One young lady we wot of receives five hundred dollars a year for swelling the song of thanksgiving every Sunday morning and evening. When the officiating clergyman says, from the desk—

"Praise ye the Lord!"

and the congregation add—

"The Lord's name be praised!"

Then you should hear her break forth—filling the church with melody—

"O come, let us sing unto the Lord, let us heartily rejoice in the strength of our salvation."

Let us come before His presence with thanksgiving, and show ourselves glad in Him with psalms.

How pleasant to know that a portion of human kind earn their living and pay their devotions at the same time.

THE CHOIR-SINGER.

But the greater number of churches get their music for nothing. The prettiest girls and the nicest young men in the congregation *volunteer* to do the singing. We confess, but it may be an old fashioned prejudice of ours, that we like the voluntary system best. You have a right to believe that the Miriams in the gallery strike the lute and the timbrel in *real* praise and thanksgiving, that the music is from the heart—not mere "throat notes"—when you know that they do not get a blessed red cent for their services. If you would hear right down genuine devotional music, go to a camp meeting, just after the spirit has begun to work—just after a few lost sheep have happily been found, and more are expected in the fold before next "horn-blowing." We have stood within the solemn gloom of the dark woods, when there was only sun enough above the horizon to throw a smile, as of the smile of Benevolence itself, through the foliage—and looked upon five hundred earnest faces turned towards the long-faced, white neck-clothed gentleman in the preacher's stand. He holds a little hymn book—like enough the Cottage Hymn Book—that was in times gone-by such a comfort to the weary and troubled of heart. Our friend gives out the hymn in the good old fashioned style, two lines at a time

"Glory to thee my God this night
For all the blessings of the light."

the congregation take up the words, the song of praise rises on the evening air, it swells above the tall trees, and rolls through the arches of heaven! And then all is silent again. The preacher reads two lines more—

"Keep me, O keep me, king of Kings,
Under thine own Almighty wings."

The invocation is repeated by five hundred voices—a volume of melody—the incense of grateful, trusting hearts, rises from the solemn woods, and (who shall doubt?) is heard at that throne where—

"Cherubim and Seraphim continually do cry, holy, holy, holy Lord God of Sabaoth!"

That's the kind of psalmody that we like—there's nothing mercenary about it.

But we are forgetting our particular choir-singer, the original of the portrait to which we tack these random paragraphs. She is the daughter of a Connecticut teacher of psalmody, and her name is Susan Bakewell. Very proud of his daughter was the old singing master. She was not five years of age when she could "rise and fall the notes as good as any of 'em, and perhaps a little better," as old Bakewell, her dad, used to say.

At twelve years of age she was the belle of the village, and *prima donna*, every Tuesday and Thursday night—these were singing nights at the village school house. Poor old enthusiast of psalmody (we allude to Daddy Bakewell) how some of the more irreverent

of our number used to tease him! He had a favorite hymn which he gave out at the conclusion of each night's exercises, and a few of us were roguish enough to parody it, and wicked enough to sing the parody thus—

While shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the snow,
Some nigger minstrels came along
And jumped Jim Crow.

"Stop, stop, there's something wrong there!" the old man would exclaim. He could not for a long time detect the words, but he was sure they were not the right ones. When at last emboldened by our success, we one night shouted out at the top of our voices,

"AND JUMPED JIM CROW."

the old man dropped his violin, and, shocked by our irreverence covered his face with his hands. Presently we saw the tears roll through his thin fingers, and then ours fell fast, too. We confessed our fault, were forgiven, and then the favorite hymn was sung reverently and sweetly.

Old Daddy Bakewell died only two years ago. In his last sickness, he was greatly troubled at the thought of leaving his singing school. Who would take his place every Thursday and Friday night, and who would lead the meeting-house choir? But Susan comforted him, by singing all the hymns he had so loved to sing himself, and teach others to sing. Towards the last, his mind wandered.

"I should love to rise and fall the notes once more my girl," he said.

Susan raised the old man's head and supported it on her bosom.

"Do you begin my child, and I will follow."

Susan began—

"Fa, sa, la,"

but her voice trembled, and tears at length choked her utterance. The fire came back to the dying man's eyes.

"That won't do, not firm enough," he exclaimed. "Now follow me—fa, sa,—"

The voice died away in his throat. Susan laid his head gently on the pillow.

He rallied a little; then taking her hand and essaying to raise it up, towards heaven, he murmured—

"The singers also, as well as they that play upon stringed instruments, shall be there"—and so saying, in blessed hope and confidence, the old singing master died.

Susan came to this city soon after her father's death.

Every Sunday she thinks that perhaps the old man is permitted to lend a listening ear to the song of praise and thanksgiving that rises from earth to heaven. Will he hear the voice of his own darling child? Is it singular that Susan should now regard it as a religious duty to be a *CHOIR-SINGER*?



THE MILLINER.

No lady will dispute us, when we say that one of the prettiest things in the world is a new bonnet. It matters not what the material, so it be the mode; nor the fashion, so it be a new one. We remember bonnets of all forms, from the Leghorn flat to the coal scuttle; all sizes from one which scarcely covered a fourth of the head, to the enormities which measured three-quarters of a yard in diameter, all materials from felt to pasteboard; but there was not one of them which was not, in its day and generation, a real love of a bonnet and the admiration of all beholders.

How infinitely bonnets vary, not only in different times, but at the same period! Do not the ladies uniformly describe strangers by the bonnets they wore? It is the rarest thing to see two bonnets alike in the largest church, or in Broadway—and such a phenomenon was never seen in an omnibus. If the shape and material are the same, they are sure to be trimmed differently. The different shops in Broadway have each a distinctive

character, varying, however by light shades of difference, but when you come to different streets, the change is very perceptible. A Bowery bonnet is a much more dashing affair than its corresponding one in Broadway, while Division varies strongly from Canal and Hudson streets—but there is no doubt that the most showy bonnets in New York, not even excepting the Bowery, are sold in Pearl street.

With two hundred thousand women here, wearing bonnets, and in a nation of ten millions of bonnetted women, millinery looms up, an extensive and important business. Here is one of the great wants of civilization supplied by female industry; for this is essentially a feminine employment. Fancy a man making a bonnet—above all, fancy him putting on the trimming. A pretty mess he would make of it! No; the bonnet in all its aspects, is feminine, and should be made and sold as it is worn, solely by the sex for which nature designed it. The proper sphere of

THE MILLINER.

woman may involve a doubt; but there is no question that millinery, in all its branches, belongs to it. It is just as absurd for a man to engage in any part of it, as it would be for him to parade Broadway in a gipsy.

As a bonnet should be, and often is, the most beautiful of created things, save the face of which it is the setting, its manufacture supposes genius in the invention, and taste and skill in the achievement of such a paragon of feminine art and adornment. There must be a sculptor's eye for beautiful forms, the painter's taste for the choice and blending of colors, and the architect's grasp of general effect. One sees a necessity, also, of a fine judgment in character and physiognomy. A bonnet, conceived and executed on these principles, has in it much of the sublime and beautiful in art. It has an intimate correspondence, both with external nature, and the spiritual life. It makes a part of the general harmony, fills its proper place in the scale of ornamental creations, and ranks very high among the results and necessities of civilization.

Viewed in this light, and a philosopher can contemplate her in no other, the milliner shines forth in all the dignity and beauty of a handmaid of Nature and a priestess of decorative Art. It is her mission to embellish the most charming portion of humanity, and to fascinate the other. She bends over her tasteful task during long and weary hours, sustained by the consciousness of the happiness her labor will impart. She has a dim but sweet appreciation of the rapture with which the belle puts on the first bonnet of the season's fashion. She feels a portion of the triumph with which it is worn, and has a delicate sympathy with the pleasing consciousness of being the admiration of the other sex, and the envy of her own.

Ellen Stanley, the beautiful milliner, of whom the above is as accurate a portraiture as could be given by this branch of art, realizes in a remarkable degree our ideal of the true milliner-girl of the nineteenth century. An Englishwoman by birth, and the expectant heir of a liberal fortune, she was educated with care in all the studies and accomplishments usually taught to young ladies of her sphere of life. A disastrous season in the sporting world, in which Mr. Stanley was a victim of noble and right honorable sharpers, so broke his fortune, that he determined, with what remained to him, to settle in America. Intending to purchase a large

landed estate in the west, Mr. Stanley converted his whole property in England, which amounted to about five thousand pounds, into a draft on a private banking-house in Wall street, and took passage for America, with Ellen, who was now in her seventeenth year, and two younger children. As the season was favorable for travel, Mr. Stanley lost no time, but finding a suitable asylum for his children, he started alone for the west, with just money enough for the expenses of the journey, leaving his capital in the hands of the banking-house, on which he had taken drafts in England. He had taken the precaution of making enquiries, and found the house to be of excellent credit, and connected with some of the first families in New York; and there was the additional inducement of receiving interest for the money, not paid by chartered banks upon deposits. Mr. Stanley went up the Hudson, across the State to Niagara, and then took a steamer at Buffalo, for Milwaukee. He selected his future home on the Rock river, in one of the finest countries in the world, and was returning to conclude the purchase and prepare to remove his children, for he was a widower, when at Buffalo he saw in a newspaper the failure of the Bankers, who had his entire property. He hastened to New York with such feelings as may be imagined, to find his worst forebodings realized. The loss was total. If the assets of the house would pay a small percentage, it could only be at a distant day. The fatigue of travel, change of climate, and this terrible blow gave Mr. Stanley a brain fever from which he never recovered. Ellen was left, the eldest of three orphan children, all nearly destitute.

There was no resource but in industry. She accepted the first situation that offered, in a millinery establishment, whose principal was a member of the family in whose protection she was left by her father. Her fine talents and elegant taste made the reputation of the establishment. It became the resort of the most fashionable ladies in New York, and if the present arrangements are carried out, Ellen Stanley will on the first of May become sole proprietor of one of the most fashionable and prosperous millinery establishments in America, advertise in the newspapers, make a fortune, finish the education of her brother and sister, and we sincerely hope marry a man worthy of so much prudence, energy, beauty, and virtue.



THE TYPE RUBBER.

The term "type rubber," applied to a small, but important class of female operatives, will scarcely be understood at all by our readers, without explanation.

Every letter, character, and point in a book or newspaper, is made by a separate piece of metal, a mixture of lead, zinc, and antimony, called type metal. Types are uniformly about one inch in height, and all type of the same font, is of uniform size, in the direction of the length of the letter, but in breadth it varies from an m which forms a square to an l or i, which are formed on pieces of metal of a proportional thickness. This is the reason why printers measure type by the thousand ems, each m being a square of the width of the line.

Each letter is cast separately in a mould, and as the moulds cannot be made to shut together with absolute accuracy, there is always more or less burr upon the corners, or joints of the mould, nor does the part of the type, which forms the letter, come perfect from the matrix in which it is cast, but while

the finishing of the letter is done by skillful men, the smoothing of the type from its inequalities is confided to industrious girls, the type rubbers.

With a heap of freshly cast type before her, the type rubber sits at a flat stone, around which are her companions. She takes successively each piece of metal, places it upon the smooth stone, and with her fingers rubs it smartly back and forth until it is on all sides relieved of its inequalities. The process is a very rapid one, and the labor is one of simple, unremitting, monotonous toil. There is a little skill, a much of using the fingers, easily acquired, and a necessary hardening of the cuticle, which comes fast enough with practice. No ingenuity is required, and the powers of invention are never called into exercise.

But this dull employment has its compensations, and as the type rubbers are always in groups, they keep up an animated conversation, and as men are always employed in the type foundries, there is the further pleasure

THE TYPE RUBBER.

of the social intercourse of the opposite sexes, out of which grow often attachments, courtships, and marriages. These circumstances have made this a favorite occupation with many, and the instances are not uncommon in which girls have left such trades as millinery, and dress-making, to engage in the more free and social occupation of type rubber.

It may be that there is still another fascination, to relieve the monotony of such labor as we have described. There is something attractive about every part of the business of making books and newspapers, and it may be that even the type rubber finds a pleasure in her humble agency in the world's enlightenment. If of a pious turn of mind, the very hope that the little pieces of metal getting smoother under her fingers, will be used in printing bibles and tracts; if of a free, democratic spirit, she may exult in the thought that they will be used in the cause of liberty and progress; if fond of novels and romances, she is very likely to imagine the beautiful tales of love that could be made legible, by a proper arrangement of the heap of shining metal before her.

Our acquaintance among the type rubbers is not sufficient to enable us to speak confidently of their general character and habits. If their manners are not polished, it is not for want of hard rubs. If they do not behave well, it is not for want of good examples, for they have types of excellence, or excellent types, constantly before them. They should be possessed of high intelligence, since they devote their whole time to the improvement of letters.

The social character of this employment, deprived of which it would be one of the most tiresome monotony, not unfrequently leads to the most pleasant results.

It is impossible for a dozen men and women to come together daily, without more or less tender attachments being formed, which may lead to happy matches. We have one case in our eye, where an industrious and amiable girl, compelled to work at this employment, won the heart and hand of her

employer, one of a celebrated firm of type founders in this city, and proved in all respects worthy of her good fortune.

The trade of a type rubber is necessary, and therefore respectable. Those engaged in it are esteemed by all sensible persons, according to their character and conduct. It is an employment which the humblest might follow and of which the proudest need not be ashamed. Simply laborious, and involving no particular talent, the compensation is but moderate, from one dollar and a half to two and a half a week, being the wages earned by those who can perform the process we have described with more or less rapidity. The highest of these sums seems but little, compared with the expense of living in a city; but when thousands of men with families do not earn more than from five to seven dollars a week, every dollar added to such an income by the industry of a wife or daughter becomes of great importance, and two dollars a week will pay the rent, for very comfortable apartments.

These calculations, we doubt not, seem very strange to many of our readers, who pay a rent of from five hundred to a thousand dollars a year, and would feel very much cramped in their resources, were their household expenses less than twenty dollars a week; who think nothing of spending fifty dollars a morning at Stewart's, or Seaman & Muirs, and whose seats for one season at the Opera cost more than many a poor family has to live on the year round. Such persons are remarkably well satisfied with the present order of things. They don't see what people want changes for. They don't know what they have to do with the vulgar common people, unless it is to give them cold victuals.

We do not feel revengeful, but if a few hundred of these haughty ladies, who are so well satisfied with their own conditions, and care so little for those of their poorer sisters, could be compelled to live on two dollars a week, and earn it as type rubbers, we should not deplore it very seriously, and they would be all the better for their experience.



THE SHOP-WOMAN.

The class is not large in this city. There seems to be an indisposition on the part of our storekeepers to put young women behind their counters. Young men, who we cannot but think were intended to do something better than measure off tape and calico, usurp the places which women are admirably calculated to fill. There is a waste of the raw material of nature's sinewy gifts, when a pair of strong arms are lifting ribbon boxes; and a sad overtasking of woman's strength, when she is compelled to work for fourteen or eighteen hours a day, in close, ill ventilated rooms, and with an insufficiency of food. That's a sad life indeed; but only a little more sad to contemplate than that of the strong youth, frittering away his strength and emasculating his manhood behind the counters of our retail shops.

It is urged that if females are employed as attendants in stores, they will be exposed to dangerous and demoralizing influences, and something is said about the corruption of female shop-keepers in Paris, by way of warning. Now it so happens that the corruption

spoken of does not exist among the store attendants in Paris, but among *sempstresses*. In Paris young ladies attend to retail stores, and are book-keepers in wholesale houses, and as a class enjoy a good reputation, while the contrary is true of sempstresses. We do not believe any occupation, except that which *half starves* those who follow it, is demoralizing. A well-fed, well-clothed, well-housed female will not lose her self-respect, and become reckless and vicious by standing behind a counter, and selling tapes and needles, while the poor people who are shut up in garrets and compelled to work fourteen hours a day for a crust of bread, may, in utter despair, wed shame to prolong life. The good people who fear so much for the morals of females, would do well to remember that *want* is the great parent of prostitution.

Boston has a tolerable reputation for morality, and there females are employed in every art for which they possess the requisite capabilities. Lowell, as every body knows, is not regarded as a very wicked place, notwithstanding there are employed

THE SHOP-WOMAN.

in the factories twelve or fourteen thousand young ladies, exposed to all the temptations which could assail females engaged in stores. There is no force in these objections to the employment of females, and they are insulting to the sex. It is bad enough for females to be obliged to solicit work, without being told, that to give it, would subject them to temptations which they could not resist. Give these females, who are now starving on one dollar and fifty cents a week, work, and pay them fair living wages, and leave them to the same good influences which now enable them to overcome temptation, made stronger by penury and want. Or if you will not, make out your strongest argument and entitle it "An argument in favor of starving females to save their virtue," and see how quickly facts and figures will be adduced to overthrow it.

¶ Females can do the business of our stores as well as men; they are more graceful, and therefore better calculated to please customers; more orderly, and better calculated to please employers. In every way they would give more satisfaction than men. But they

cannot cut wood, hammer iron, or dig the earth, and those who can perform these manly labors are effeminately engaged in fitting gloves to ladies' fingers, measuring tape, selling calico, and in their leisure moments admiring their white hands.

These counter gentlemen wrong themselves and those whose places they usurp. God did not give them strong arms to handle silks with. Nature is too economical to waste bone, and muscle, and sinew, in this ridiculous way. It is apparent that a man who has strength enough to level a forest, is out of his place when he is doing the work of a woman, especially when a woman, for lack of work is starving in a garret, or calculating whether it is better to die pure or live corrupt—awful choice, which thousands and thousands of unfortunate creatures have been obliged to make.

The original of the picture, which leads this sketch, is more fortunate than the great majority of her sex. Her's is a life of usefulness and of comparative ease. For a woman compelled to work, no life so pleasant as that of SHOP-WOMAN.



THE DRESS MAKER.

A great many people think that it is a sad thing to work—the lives of these are so perverted that they love idleness of all things. To these a trade brings a very distressing or revolting idea. But these people don't know the luxury of honest independence, and the comfort of a night's rest when one has gone to bed heartily tired. The trade of dress-making has a good many comforts, a good many perplexities, and a good many discomforts. In the city its influence on health is not favorable, owing to the sedentary habits involved in its prosecution. But we must tell a story, and not write an essay. We see in our mind's eye, a pale, delicate woman, of about thirty years of age, sitting at a gorgeous satin dress in a room with a dozen other women and girls. She is dressed in what we believe is called half mourning—a very grave and becoming dress. She seldom

speaks and seldom smiles, but all the girls in the shop defer to her, for she is a very lady-like person. She has been beautiful, but she looks faded and worn.

We know her history, for we happened to be born in the same town with her. She was the daughter of intelligent and wealthy parents, and one of a large family of girls. The mother had been reared in habits of industry—she was a New England woman, and self-dependence is honorable there—she taught her daughters to serve themselves. Two or three of the girls had learned dressmaking, another was a milliner, and a fourth was housekeeper—all were useful. This daughter that we have introduced to our readers was named Madeline. Madeline Morgan was a gay girl in her father's house, and she plied her delicate art in adorning herself and her sisters. Death and reverses came. First

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the father died, leaving his affairs embarrassed—then the mother fell a victim to grief, anxiety, and overwhelming care. The family was scattered. Two of the daughters married. Madeline became a dress maker in this large shop, in the course of a few months after the death of her mother. She was very faithful. Her work was more delicate and beautiful than that of any one else in the shop, and though she seldom conversed she was respected and liked. She remained long enough to be even a sort of favorite. The girls said they liked her sadness as they liked silver grey poplin. One day two gentlemen called at the shop to see if a dress maker could be induced to go with a family to Canada. One of these gentlemen was a young physician, the other an elderly man who wished to procure the services of a dress maker by the year in his family.

The sad and beautiful Madeline fixed the young doctor's stray fancy in less than ten minutes. He sought an introduction, and in three months they were married. For a few weeks Madeline was gay as a lark, and happy indeed. Then came all too vividly the signs of consumption in her beloved husband. She sunk into tender sadness; she nursed him and loved him with her whole heart. In a year he was gone. She saw him laid in the grave, with no violent lamentation. *She had a son.* How much had been crowded into that one year. Death and life. The death of the most loved, the birth of the one who was ever after to be most loved. The husband had a very little property, which his widow invested for her son. She placed him with her husband's mother, and returned to her old place in Mrs. B.'s shop. She was little changed—a little more grave and sad, but the same quiet, obliging, and

ever silent woman. Perhaps life may change again to her, through some strange chance, and perhaps she will go to her grave with her sad, quiet face.

There is a nice little brunette who sits beside her, who is always very gay and patronizing, and who thinks a world and a half of herself. Her ambition is to do a great deal of work, and to do it well, to get the best wages, wear the prettiest rings, and go to balls. All this she achieves. She was once a beggar child, and was picked up by Mrs. B. to run errands, and found possessed of ability sufficient to make a smart dress maker, and just that she is, with a laudable pride at her elevation.

There is a pale little girl sits next to her, who has had a pain in her side, and other symptoms of consumption, but she must work on. She is not a fortunate one. She can work but slowly, and she must earn her living and her death at the same time—"sewing a shroud" in the gay, bridal satin that assumes its beautiful form under her thin fingers. We might go on, and give a short history of each. Some are laying by a little money, and are wise enough to take exercise and go occasionally to the baths, or to extemporise a bath at their boarding house, and thus keep pretty good health notwithstanding the occupation is unfavorable to health. There is as much difference in the twenty occupants of Mrs. B.'s shop, as you might find in twenty persons that you might meet by chance. They are all agreed in one particular, however, that it is very fortunate that they have work. So strong is the love of truth and virtue in the female heart, that the privilege of earning their bread by hard labor is considered a great blessing.



THE TAILORESS.

We are more than half inclined to be silent and allow the picture to tell its own story. It seems to us that those eyelids drooping with weariness, the work abandoned for the moment, and the little life and wakefulness in that exhausted frame, intent only on the helpless infant in the cradle—with the clock on the mantle-piece, its index marking the midnight hour, and the almost withered flowers in the little vase—that these must tell the story to every gentle, sympathizing heart, with more force than a feeble pen.

The tailoress has been at work—how long does the reader think? Since six o'clock in the morning, and now it is half past twelve at night. Eighteen hours, with an intermission of only a few minutes, since though the rich man may pleasantly pass two hours at his dinner, as many minutes are more than enough for the tailoress' scanty meal.

She is a widow with that child to rear, and her sole reliance is on her needle. One would think that her industry and skill, should ensure her a comfortable support; and so it would, if she enjoyed the fruits of her own labor. But she doesn't. That gar-

ment which she has been at work upon since the early morning, will yield, to the man who pays her a few shillings for her labor upon it, two or three dollars profit. He has done nothing but invest a little capital, for his share of the profit; she is squandering her vitality in labor, which brings her back not enough for a single abundant meal!

Everybody will say there is something wrong here, and some pitying souls will exclaim—God help the poor tailoress! But why should not her fellow beings help her, too? Why should not each man make it his business to see that the person who *made* the coat he wears on his back, received fair wages for her (or his) labor, even though the large profits of the fashionable tailor be somewhat reduced by the operation! Does it seem quite fair that the fashionable tailor should live in plenty and elegance, while the poor operatives from whose labor he realizes three or four thousand dollars a year, are working and starving to death?

Let us take a moderate price for cutting, trimming and making up a coat—say from ten to twelve dollars. Does it not appear a

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wrong that the man who cuts and trims it, should receive eight dollars—five of which are clear profit—while the poor operative cannot afford herself two substantial meals a day, for the days she must be employed in earning the remaining four dollars?

Who would not be glad to know that a plan had been devised, through which the operatives might get their fair share of the profits, which now they only receive a tithe of? And is it not worth while to inquire if there be not a way to secure a result so manifestly just?

Lately the papers have had much to say of the sufferings and privations of the over-worked, ill-paid sewing girls of New York. Shall all the sympathy which has been awakened be wasted in words? Shall we give a few tears to their hard lot, and allow them to work and starve and die? Oh—if these pale, care worn faces, these shrunk, prematurely old, bowed and tottering forms,

could be summoned from the attics, and the cellars, and the ill-lighted, ill-ventilated rooms in narrow alleys and filthy streets—where they hide—and pass in review before us, each one with the story of her wretchedness graven in her face—if the sun would consent to reveal such a picture to our eyes—our horror, our pity would find fitter and juster expression than in words!

Our artist has given us no fancy sketch. It is a real and terrible truth he has portrayed. And he is strangely ignorant and unmindful of that cruel oppression which condemns thousands of helpless females in this city, to unrelenting toil and privation, with scarcely a hope of relief save in the grave, who will not pray for, and call for, and work for, some mode of relief. She is but the representative of a class, of a mighty army of poorly paid, scantily fed, hardly worked, and entirely helpless females—the subject of to-day's sketch—THE TAILORESS.



R MAJOR.

THE UMBRELLA MAKER.

Heaven makes the rain to fall on the just and the unjust; the just and the unjust resort to umbrellas for protection from too much of the blessing—the former buying them honestly, the latter stealing them dishonestly—and so comes that large class of workers—the umbrella makers.

He must get up early in the morning, and step quickly into Nassau or William street, who would see the regiments of umbrella makers march down to their shops. There is no mistaking them, should they accidentally get mixed up with book folders, or other working girls. The umbrella maker always holds her head up, with one eye on the clouds, and a speculative expression in the other; she observes, calculates and predicts the weather for the next twelve hours. Not that she is directly interested in the matter; a heavy, protracted rain may cause an increased demand for umbrellas, but it will not advance the girl's wages a farthing. We have not at hand Hunt's Magazine, or any other statistical authority, but we hazard

very little in asserting that the smart shower which floated Noah's ark,* did not put a single additional penny into the pockets of the umbrella makers of that interesting period. Umbrellas were active without doubt, and holders firm, but there was the scale of prices then as now, for the poor girls, and it was not altered in their favor even by the pressing emergency of the flood.

The umbrella makers of New York are a decidedly interesting class of young women. Some of them are as pretty and timid as lambs; others are distinguished for a dashing kind of beauty—an emphatic expression of face and manner; and not a few are dashing without being pretty, and emphatic without being particularly striking. We have seen them file through Nassau street, time and

* We have seen Flemish paintings representing the commencement of the Deluge, and the procession of Noah's family towards the Ark. Each of the men holds an umbrella over the head of his wife. Noah himself has a spare umbrella under his left arm, which he has just refused to lend to an unfortunate "outsider."

THE UMBRELLA MAKER.

time again, and marked the great variety of character which the class present.

The young lady who has kindly loaned us her face, for our picture this week, has been long enough in the business to know all about it, and has had experience enough of the liberality of employers not to be cheated where the vigorous use of her tongue can avail in her behalf. On condition that we do not divulge her name, she permits us to say that she is twenty-five years of age. And here is her story, taken down in short hand, word for word, as she related it.

"You've been through the Jerseys, I spect? No! Well, then, you've got soil to see yet that 'll 'stonish your calfskins. I was born in the Jerseys, and aint got no perticklar prejudice agin it, but I'll say one thing, that charcoal burning, though it may be healthy, is the nastiest kind of a way to get a living. My father was a charcoal burner, my brothers, and in fact all the family. We wer'nt nothing else out in that part of the State; people couldn't live there without having a pit; the parsons used to get up revivals among us, by telling us to imagine all our pits thrown into one, the coal all alive, and we on top of it, to get an idea of the bottomless pit, read of in scripture. There was no standing out agin conviction and grace after this. I believe I should have been contented to live and die there, though, if one of the charcoal burners hadn't fell in love with me. Father, mother, and the rest of the family went in desperat stroug for the match, because he had heaps of charcoal, but I'd set my mind agin it, and that was enough. To settle the fuss, and put the family out of agony, I ran away and came to New York. I shan't tell you how hard it was to get work, or how I was abused by some of my employers. There are more rascals in New York than I thought crawled on the whole airth, when I was a young girl out in the charcoal region. At last an old woman took me in, and agreed to give me board, lodging and washing, and learn me to cover unabrellas, provided I would stay with her a year. She had three girls, who were her nieces, she said, and off I went with them to the shop. I was not long with the old woman before I discovered that she was no better than she should be, but a good deal worse, and that her nieces were as bad as their aunt. The more I thought of what the old woman was driving at, the uglier I grew, and when, after I had been with her six weeks, she came right out, frank and hearty, as she called it, with her proposal, I clenched my fist and struck out, fair from the shoulder, and the old woman went over like a falling tree. I didn't wait until she picked herself up, but went down to the shop and told the man who employed us all about what had passed. He took me by the hand, patted my shoulder, and said I was a good girl, and that he was glad he had found the old woman out. He

called her a procuress, if you know what that is. He told me that he would give me two dollars and a half a week, which would pay my board in a comfortable house, and leave something to clothe me. I thought he was an angel of light, but in six weeks I found him out, too. He was not a bit better than the old woman, and I treated him in the same way. I got him to pay me my wages, and lend me ten dollars, and then I called him a rascal, knocked him down, and left the shop. I soon procured work at another place, where they behaved themselves decently and paid me three dollars a week. But I've often thought it would have been better, had I staid at home and married the charcoal burner. It's not a very nice calling, but they are honest men who follow it, and the air is much pleasanter out on the hills than in these narrow, dirty streets, and low, gloomy rooms. I have pitied myself and all the poor girls who follow umbrella making for a living. Some of them are very good, and work hard to support helpless people who belong to them—bed-ridden mothers, or little sisters who are too young to take care of themselves; others are very fond of dress, and how they manage to get all their fine clothes is a puzzle to me. Whenever I have asked them, they've called me a fool, and laughed loudly, but somehow, I have noticed, that they always sighed heavily after their laugh, and did not seem to be as happy as they pretended to be. I am afraid they have cheated themselves, and don't like to think of it. Some of the girls have comfortable homes, and I have been to a round number of weddings since I learned the trade. But there are but few of them who can claim the protection of a home. The many are quite friendless, and earn barely enough to provide for their wants from day to day. If they were taken sick, they would suffer terribly. Low wages and hard work is the lot of most of us."

Either our reporter was called away, or our somewhat eccentric Jersey girl grew tired of talking of herself and her trade, when she had got thus far. However, what she has said is written, and though it might be interesting to hear her further on this subject, we are willing enough to conclude the sketch. Of a surety it is a cheerless life, which numbers of poor girls live in this great, heartless city. Scantily fed, shabbily clad, denied the society and the enjoyments which youth covets, and beset by strong temptations—and the tempted so very feeble—is it strange that the hearts of some wither prematurely up, that others go astray! They are ill paid and uncared for—the female workers of the city, and few of them have the rude strength and rough resolution of the daughter of the charcoal burner—she who has to-day filled up the sketch and furnished the portrait of **THE UMBRELLA MAKER**.



THE SUSPENDER-MAKER.

Suspenders are barbarous contrivances, almost as injurious to men as corsets are to women. A man with decent hips no more requires suspenders to keep his trousers up in their proper place, than he requires straps to keep them down. And surely no man who can afford cloth enough to allow a free and flowing pantaloons, needs straps. Suspenders, straps and corsets are the invention of the arch enemy, who, we believe, takes as much pleasure in deforming the body—God's image—as he takes in staining and desecrating the soul. It is not to be denied, and little credit we are entitled to for frankly confessing the truth, that we are a bad *chested* and *shouldered* people. How can we expect it to be otherwise? Our girls, just at that age when they need all the room they can have to expand in, are squeezed into corsets; our boys,

almost with their second set of teeth, are put into trousers, strapped tightly down over their feet, and drawn tightly up over their shoulders. The consequence is, to the girls an impeded circulation of the blood, cold, inactive skin, short breathing, sudden flushes, emaciation. The machine is cramped in all its most important operations, and loses rapidly its capacity—very rarely, indeed, recovers it. With the boys, they grow up to be round-shouldered men, not the deep-chested, erect, healthy-looking fellows that they should be. Boys accustomed from their fourth or fifth year to three or four hours exercise a day, would never require suspenders to keep their trousers up, and their bold, free step would break the strongest pair of patent straps ever sold. With regard to straps, it is but fair to say that they have al-

THE SUSPENDER MAKER.

most entirely disappeared from the feet of sensible men. It is not uncharitable to set down a man who now wears straps as a *fou foo*.

So long as people look upon round shoulders and hollow chests, as marks of physical beauty, so long will the suspender manufacture flourish. It is a first rate business for the dealers—for the employees, the workies, we suppose it pays starvation wages, little more. The suspender maker who has loaned us her portrait—*our* suspender maker, learned the trade by accident. She was a few years ago wealthy, or rather her father was, and she used to employ her time in embroidering suspenders as presents to her fashionable round shouldered friends of the masculine gender. But her father having cut a little too deep into stock speculations, and finding that he had so cut himself forever adrift from his fortune, suspended himself by the neck, and left his child an orphan, to get a living for the remainder of her life by making suspenders. She first tried her hand at embroidered suspenders, but there were

painful reminiscences associated with the work, and moreover she found that she could make more money by making a commoner article. She was quite a *belle* when her father was rich, and was beset by numerous suitors. They don't know her now. Many a puppy wears on his shoulders the suspenders embroidered by her fair hands, and presented to him as a *souvenir*, who couldn't recognize her now, with a double barreled opera glass. It is a pity that such heartless and selfish ingrates had not a cowhide on their shoulders, or that the suspenders were not fitted into a clever running noose for their necks. But the girl has persuaded herself to forget the past; after all, there is more of patient philosophy in the female than in the male sex. They more readily, and less repiningly, submit to sharp and sudden reverses; they are stronger in their powers of endurance, which can only sustain the victims of a frowning destiny. But we suspend further comment, and commend to the reader's sympathy—

THE SUSPENDER MAKER.



“THE SCHOOL-MARM.”

One of the daughters of the venerable clergyman Dr. Beecher, and Gov. Slade formerly of Vermont, and Horace Mann the successor of John Quincy Adams on the floor of Congress—these have given a new impetus to the cause of popular education. It is now no longer a term of reproach—“*School-Marm.*” One has no right to suspect that the head of a common *free* school, in town or country, has passed that period in feminine life, which is supposed by the vulgar to be *unattractive*. Quite the contrary we beg to assure the reader. There is no nobler pursuit for man or woman to engage in than school teaching. It should be, and will be ere long, if we are not too sanguine, an ennobling term. It should and will employ the best talent in the country. The primary schools, taught by females, and the grammar and writing schools, the next in the range of our educational department, should not be ruled and governed by vulgar and ill-bred and half educated despots. They should be superintended by kind, patient, conscientious people who, next to

the possession of those attainments, which they are required to teach, should have, and be swayed by, an inherent and earnest *love for children*. Just to think of the influences which school-teachers must exert! Not less on the mental than the moral. There is a young brain to fructify and develop; but there is also a young heart to warm and quicken; its nobler and more generous impulses to foster, its baser ones to repress! What wise, or what conscientious man can survey a school-room, filled with girls and boys, but who must look a few years ahead, and see those girls and boys, grown up to the estate of responsibility, of duty and of action, and the inheritors of a great trust? And who can bear for a moment to think of these young, generous, loving and loveable ones, swayed by bad passions, or the slaves of ignorance and prejudice? As pure as their youthful skins, they stand before you now; what shall they be ten or fifteen years hence? Will they advance into the paths of responsible action, conscientious, reflecting, dutiful (for to

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be dutiful is to perform every duty of life faithfully) or will they *trouble* the world by an existence which must be a curse alike to themselves as to the community? Will they prove to be good husbands, good wives, good parents, good citizens—will they give fair daughters and brave sons to their country; will they carry on and transmit, improved and strengthened by the example and the labor of their lives, the system of a self-representative government, of a free and an intelligent, a patriotic and a thrifty people, or will they grow rich, to be heartless, tyrannical and exclusive? Will they build palaces, or tenant prisons; be wealthy to enslave, or poor and depraved to prey upon their more honest fellow citizens?

These are the questions which with a painful interest force themselves on the mind of a conscientious man when he looks upon an assemblage of youth. We have no battles to fight in our much favored land, but the battles of knowledge against ignorance. This is our work—the work of our day and of our nation. Blessed be they who consecrate themselves to it! Verily our children shall rise up and call them blessed. The warrior may die and his fame rust with his sword;

the cunning of the successful diplomatist may die out the memory of man, and his name be forgotten; but though nameless, and the tenant of a nameless grave, he who devotes his life to the education of youth, can never die. He will live in the system of which he has been a prop; live in the virtues and the strength of the generations which come after him; live in the great purpose of their lives which will be to reverence and to perpetuate that system! Every school-house will be a monument to his memory; every school-boy his ready and grateful eulogist! "It is the one thing useful to our time and to our country — *popular education, free schools*. Let us multiply them—we cannot multiply too fast. And let the smiling landscape, rich with the treasures of the generous earth, *freely* given to man for his sustenance, be dotted, here and there, with a palpable recognition of our gratitude, in the shape of a well built, well attended and well conducted *free school-house*. And moreover hold in tenderest, most respectful regard, each one of the feminine sex who devotes her life to the education of youth and who, like the original of the picture above — is a "SCHOOL-MARM."



THE GIMP-WEAVER.

Talk of Romance! There is none approaching real life. Our Gimp-Weaver, who sits patiently at her frame day after day to earn a paltry three dollars and seventy-five cents each week, could weave from the incidents of her own life a romance, that would bring more money than the weaving to which her daily labor is devoted.

She was born just on the other side of Harlem river, in a house but little better than a shed, though called a cottage—a name which implies domestic comforts, however homely. Her grand-father owned huge tracts of land in that neighborhood. But siding with the royal power, when the war of the Revolution broke out, he found that his own safety and the safety of his family were more secure within the lines of the British army, whose head quarters were in New York. Eight years passed away, the war was at an end, and he left the country of his birth and his possessions for New Brunswick. He had been a tory and now he was a refugee. Time passed on, and his eldest son, tired of chopping down trees in the tory colony, resolved to return to the place of his birth. His father had little to give him, on setting forth, but the title deeds of his once large possessions in Westchester county. "Take these, my son," he said, "they are all I have to

give; but though worthless now, they may remind you of what once we were—of the wealth you were born to inherit, which has been wrested from you by a disloyal and dishonest people." The old man was a bitter tory still.

The son came to New York, but the recollections of his childhood were strong in his heart. He visited the old family mansion, he strolled lazily over the immense estate, cut up and divided into small, thrifty farms, and he sighed for the days which were gone, and the wealth which had vanished. Finally, his story being known, he was allowed by the largest proprietor of the confiscated estate to settle down upon a few acres, where he built a humble house and seemed content with the products of his little farm. But he talked incessantly of his *legal* rights, and when he could get a neighbor or chance visitor to listen, he would point as far as the eye could reach, to the land which had belonged to his fathers, and show his old title deeds, abrogated by the confiscation, to confirm his statements. In good time he married, and had several children, only one of whom, the youngest and our heroine, lived to grow up to womanhood. She was a little, homely rustic—whose duty it was to milk the cow, and render in doors such service as her mother,

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a plain farmer's wife, stood in need of. Her father, from much talking about the ancient possessions of the family, became thirsty, and took to drinking whiskey instead of water to assuage that thirst. In other words, he was a drunkard; and the condition of the family, never very prosperous, became worse and worse; the few acres were badly tilled; pane by pane the glass was broken from the windows of the house and never replaced. It soon was a very shabby hut indeed. The neighbors were frequently obliged, in the inclement season, to supply the wants of the family; and they talked, at last, of sending off the father, mother and daughter to the alms house. But the father declared that he was no pauper, and clung to the few acres, in which he had only a life interest, with a desperate tenacity. The mother died, and the affairs of the household became worse and worse. Our heroine was uneducated and unattractive—as rude and as coarse a girl as the country could produce. It was just at this juncture that a carriage stopped at the door, and a young gentleman alighted. The girl ran out to see what the stranger wanted. He saluted her with a courtesy to which she was unaccustomed, and bowing and scraping, walked after her into the house. There he introduced himself to her father, with whom he had a long conference in private, the result of which was communicated to the unsuspicious and unsophisticated girl.

The stranger was a young lawyer of creditable position in the city, who had fallen desperately in love with the rude country girl, and had asked of her father her hand. The result may be readily anticipated. The girl,

heretofore unnoticed by even the farm laborers in the vicinity, did not hesitate in accepting and marrying the handsome young lawyer from the city.

But we must put the young lawyer right before our readers. He had heard the story of the old man, and had estimated the value of the property which would belong to him but for the act of sequestration. John Jacob Astor, the purchaser of a confiscated right, had successfully prosecuted the state of New York and recovered. Our young lawyer saw here a fine chance to make an immense fortune. His first business was to see the old man's title deeds, which were all straight enough; the second, to propose for his daughter's hand.

Our heroine was now the mistress of a handsome mansion in New York, and her husband's whole life was devoted to the recovery of the confiscated estates of her family. He did not, as Mr. Astor did, bring one suit against the State of New York, but he instituted many, against the individual possessors of the property, whose title rested on the legality of the sequestration act.

Suit after suit was tried, and each went against him. His little property was spent; the law's delay and adverse decisions broke his spirits; he drank hard to mend them, and died a pauper. His wife, the first twenty years of whose life were spent in poverty on the little farm over beyond the Harlem—the next fifteen in comparative splendor—is the original of our portrait, and the subject of this sketch. She earns her daily bread by labor, and is a GIMP-WEAVER.



THE ACTRESS.

Our picture to-day represents the sisters—Charlotte and Susan Cushman. Of the profession itself in this country, we have but little to say. The number of American actresses is not large; and we cannot better accompany the picture, than with a brief sketch of the most distinguished actress which the American stage has produced:

The eldest daughter, Charlotte, our Miss Cushman, inherited from her mother, who was a beautiful singer, a fine taste for music. As a child, she was remarkable for her grave

and earnest character; she was not fond of playing with other children, but retired apart, where she read tragedies and practised singing. Seeing her great taste for music, her mother wisely determined to cultivate it to the utmost in her power. She was not wealthy enough, however, to obtain the first-rate masters for her daughter; but native talent is like love, give it only breathing room, and it will struggle into day; so was it here. Her first teacher was but himself at that time a pupil; but she progressed un-

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der his tuition. She sang in the chapel, and at fifteen at a public concert, where she was heard by a gentleman of great wealth and taste in the city, who resolved that such extraordinary promise should not fail for lack of cultivation. Through his means, therefore, the best instruction was afforded her, and she was placed as an article-d-pupil for three years with the master of her former pupil-teacher, an Englishman by the name of Paddon, formerly an organist in London. After two years, being invited by some wealthy relations in New York to visit them for a month, she went there. Her relations were delighted with their young and wonderfully gifted kinswoman, and wished much to adopt her, and provide for her for life. She wrote for her mother's consent or opinion: and three months, instead of one, were spent in deciding the subject. The mother would not consent to parting with her daughter, and Charlotte, returning home, found that this long visit had broken her articles with Mr. Paddon. This caused her the less regret, as she had found that he could give her but limited instruction, which would not, in the end, qualify her for more than a teacher herself.

Soon after this, Mrs. Wood, formerly Miss Paton, came to Boston, and with her she sung in a concert. Mrs. Wood, who was astonished and delighted with her voice, declared it to be the finest contralto she had ever heard, and advised her to turn her attention to singing on the stage. This advice was greatly against the wishes and views of her family and connections. Both in former and later times, her family, both on her father's and mother's side, had been rigid presbyterians, and the sons, through many generations, had often been preachers; there was, therefore, in the minds of all, an inborn horror of the stage; it was, to their ideas a place of sin and degradation. All, therefore, steadfastly set their faces against such a misuse and abuse of talent. Fortunately, however, the young genius was strong in her own willfulness; she felt that a great and pure spirit was in her, and she feared no evil. Her good, but bigoted kinsfolk held up their hands, shook their heads, foretold evil; but she had taken her resolve, and was not one of those who can be turned back by shadows.

Mrs. Wood had brought over with her a young musical director, an Irishman of the name of Maeder, who afterwards married Clara Fisher; and under his care, Charlotte Cushman was brought out as a public singer, in the character of the Countess, in the *Mariage of Figaro*. She was then just nineteen, and her success was complete. She bade fair to be one of the first singers of the age. This being the case, and she being brought out under Mr. Maeder, the old master, Paddon, now claimed her as his article-d-pupil, and a violent paper-war was the consequence. All this was painful, and many difficulties arose, which were enough to have daunted any one less courageous than herself. At length, however, her horizon seemed to brighten; an engagement was made for her by Maeder, in which, as *prima donna*, she was to accompany himself and his wife to

New Orleans, where a new theatre had been erected, and here she became acquainted with Decamp, and Mrs. Frederick Brown, the brother and sister of Mrs. Charles Kemble.

At New Orleans, however, a misfortune befel our young singer, which must inevitably have crushed any spirit less buoyant than her own; and, but for her own scope of untried powers, which, as it were, lay in reserve for the evil day, she must have sunk under it. The change of climate from the north to the south, the severity of practice requisite, and the unwise attempt to overstrain her voice from a pure contralto to an available soprano, certainly destroyed it. No situation can be conceived more distressing, or more calculated to drive to utter despair. There she was, in a strange country, away from her own friends and family—disappointed, ruined, as it seemed, by the step she had taken against their council. What was to be done? She could not return to her mother a beggar, after having left her with a fortune, as she believed, in her voice. What, indeed, was to be done?

With a noble resolution not to sink, she took heart, although she knew not then upon what plank she was to be saved. She had one true friend, however, in the tragedian of the theatre, a gentleman named Barton, now a professor of elocution in the West of England, a noble-hearted man and fine scholar. From him she asked advice in her difficult and painful circumstances; and he, appreciating her yet untied talent for acting, recommended that as a profession. With him, therefore, she read such plays as *Venice Preserved*, *Macbeth*, &c.; but as all this was in opposition to the will of Maeder, who would have discountenanced any attempt of the kind, she was obliged to keep all secret from him, and her studies were carried on in a little garret, where, at least, she could ensure privacy; and here, in this little mean room, she studied and conceived all those great tragedy parts in which she has so remarkably distinguished herself. Any one but she must have been daunted by the outward circumstances that surrounded her; but the strength of real greatness was in her, and few indeed are the untoward and adverse circumstances which genius, and a high, clear, moral nature, will not overcome. Charlotte Cushman is one of these; they are among the noblest of God's creatures, whose strength and truth are only the more called out by trial. Such cannot be subdued, and, like the acanthus-leaf under the tile, the very pressure which would have crushed a meaner weed, fashions them into immortal beauty, which becomes a decoration for the temple of the gods.

The time now drew near when she was to have a trial in her new vocation. To the utter astonishment of every one connected with the theatre, she was announced for Lady Macbeth, on the occasion of the benefit of her friend Mr. Barton. She had no dress whatever for the character, and fearing that if this were known it would throw an insuperable impediment in the way, she did not mention it until the very morning of rehear-

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sal. It was then too late to make any alteration, and the manager, in great dismay and anger, sent her with a note to Madame Clozel, of the French Theatre, with whose personal appearance she was not even acquainted. She took the note, requesting the loan of a dress for Lady Macbeth, herself. She was tall, and at that time very slender; of course, therefore, she imagined that the lady whose dress she was to wear was of a figure similar to her own. Her consternation and dismay may be imagined, therefore, when we say that Madame Clozel was a very short and immensely stout woman, whose waist alone would measure nearly two yards round. However, no lions, real or imaginary, ever stood in Miss Cushman's path. Nothing could equal the ready good nature of the kind-hearted French-woman; and, by dint of taking in huge seams, and letting down broad hems, a dress was manufactured, in which the new aspirant for tragedy and fame made a very respectable appearance. The theatrical corps had from the first held up their hands and foretold defeat, and many a one came to laugh. But the performance was a complete triumph; the most unanimous applause showered upon her, and there no longer existed any doubt regarding her being a great tragic actress. The piece was repeated many nights, and then, with her fame established, as far as New Orleans was concerned, she returned to New York, happy in the possession of a new path to fame and independence, and thinking, in her young imagination, that she was about to set the world on fire.

Of the successive triumphs which have crowned these efforts, both in America and Europe, our readers do not require to be informed. Charlotte's position is now fixed and recognized.

A gentleman of Boston, in middle life, and a friend of the family, came forward and offered to take her sister Susan, then very young, entirely under his care, complete her education, and, if the consent of her mother could be obtained, adopt her as his daughter. Susan was delicate in health, lovely in person, and timid in character; this offer, therefore, of a permanent and comfortable home was not to be rejected. She was removed from the harassing cares which pressed on her sister, and placed in the house of a half-brother, where she lived in ease and comfort, no pains being spared to render her education complete. The arrangement seemed altogether a most satisfactory one, and no sentiment but that of gratitude was felt by all towards the man who had so generously shown himself the friend of all. When Susan, however, was just turned fourteen, he was taken dangerously ill of brain fever, and lay at the point of death. At this moment he summoned her half-brother, and besought, as the prayer of a dying man, that in order to give Susan Cushman a legal claim to his property, which was believed to be very considerable, she would consent to marry him. The idea was a startling one; but he had been so long her real benefactor, and now meant so sincerely to secure independence to her at his

death, when otherwise she must be unprovided for, that the idea was not to be rejected. Her brother-in-law consented; and, after some little delay, arrangements were made for the marriage. In the meantime, however, the mother, to whom this singular intelligence was sent, hurried to Boston with the firm determination, from some nameless presentiment of evil in her own mind, utterly to forbid the marriage. In Susan's mind too, the greatest unwillingness existed, and she only needed her mother's countenance resolutely to refuse her consent. The mother came; but the relatives, who saw nothing but the utmost advantage to the young lady in an alliance, which, even supposing the husband lived, promised wealth and station, overruled even the mother's unwillingness. This ill-starred marriage took place, and the husband recovered.

Before the young wife was fifteen, however, she had occasion to deplore not having listened to those presentiments of evil which, like the whisperings of guardian angels, might have saved her from bitter woe. Her husband one day informed her that he was going to New York on business; scarcely, however, was he gone, when the whole bubble of his wealth and prosperity burst. Hungry creditors rushed in from all sides, and it was then found to be too true, that he had left Boston to avoid the personal annoyance which must accrue on the state of his affairs being made public. For his wife, however, young and inexperienced as she was, and to whom this came as the sudden crash of the earthquake, he had no such pity. She was left to bear it all. Nothing could be more appalling and distressing than her present state. She had married him in the first instance, not from affection, but from a sense of gratitude and duty to a kind and devoted friend, who, as a dying request, asked but her hand to provide for her through life. When he lived, however, and thus when the responsibility and duty of a wife was suddenly thrust upon her, she, like Jenny in the ballad of "Old Robin Gray," had literally vowed with herself to be a good wife to him who had been so kind, and who, she sincerely believed, had meant so kindly by her. Now, however, and this was perhaps the saddest part of this sad knowledge, his character appeared in an entirely new aspect; he was a selfish, cruel, and false man. Her heart almost broke under this dreadful discovery. A year or two, during which no better hope revealed itself, went on, and she was a mother. Life was dark all around her, and full of crushing realities, among which may be mentioned the loss of her husband's reason. No history of a life can be sadder than hers; yet through all she was blameless, and to the utmost endeavored to fulfil her duty.

Her husband, who had now no means of maintaining her and the child, set off to the South, on the plea of seeking a livelihood, and left them to their fate. With her little son she then went to her mother and sister, yearning for that sympathy and kindness which with them she was sure to find, and determined also to do something to ensure

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independence for herself and child. The sadness of her lot, however, and the anguish of a crushed and wounded heart, had caused a deep melancholy to settle on her mind. She was not then twenty, yet existence seemed to have lost every charm for her; the bright and cheerful purposes of life were gone; yet still, for her child's sake, she was willing to exert herself.

Her sister, whose heart bled to witness the sorrows and sufferings of one so young and so dear, resolved to call forth the talent for theatrical representation which she believed her sister to possess. Her strong, energetic, and unflinching character was of the greatest benefit to her. The most beautiful feature in this narrative, perhaps, is the affection of these two noble-hearted sisters. Charlotte's was a character on which her sister, disappointed and heart-broken, could lean and from which she could derive strength. She was her teacher; they worked hard together, and, as was natural, the sick heart, if it grew not well, at least grew stronger.

Mrs. Merriman, or Miss Susan Cushman, as she was theatrically called, made her first appearance before the public in a manuscript

play called *The Genoese*, written by a young American, in which, to encourage her sister, Miss Cushman took the part of the lover. And here let a few words be said on a subject which has excited some remarks, and as we think needlessly, to Miss Cushman's disadvantage—we mean on her taking male parts. We can assert it as a fact, and it is a fact full of generosity and beautiful affection, that it is solely on her sister's account that she has done so. By taking herself the male character, for which she was in many cases suited, she was enabled to obtain the first female character for her sister; there being, as is well known, no plays written in which two prominent female characters are found. Affection for one who, if not possessed of her strong, original masculine talent, had yet beauty, grace, tenderness, and many requisites for a successful actress, made her willing to give her every support and advantage she could, even where she herself had, as it seemed, to step out of woman's province.

Susan obtained a divorce from Mr. Merriman, and is now the wife of a wealthy English gentleman, a member of Parliament.



THE BALLET GIRL.

Celeste made \$50,000 clear in this country; Ellsler, \$70,000; Augusta owns two houses in Mercer street (looking into Howard,) which yield her sixteen hundred dollars a year, the taxes off. Julia Turnbull has laid up a trifle and is adding to it. Little Celeste and Sinclair are worth twenty dollars a week a piece, to any manager who needs two pairs of pretty ankles to amuse his audience, between the pieces. The Miss Valleees when they skip about the stage together, seldom fail of an *encore*, and so may be quoted in the dramatic price current at twelve dollars a week each. Miss Walter, ditto, ditto.

But we are writing to-day, not of the maximum and minimum of the first class of dancers. Our ballet girl is simply a member of the *corps*, a "high private," whose name

never appears, by any possibility, on the bills. 'Cause why?—the captain of the "supes" doesn't know her name. We never laugh at those shrivelled limbs, (it's not proper to say legs,) nor that awkward convexo-concavity at the knees, vulgarly termed and heartlessly called by an unfeeling world, "knock knees." If the reader be curious for the reason, we will give it. It always seemed to us that the owners of those crooked legs and shrunken calves would not exhibit them in public, if they were not compelled by the direct necessity—the necessity of getting bread.

We do not say that our heroine has crooked limbs—her skirts shut out all evidence on that point. But what we have to say of her, shall be said briefly.

She is the daughter of a butcher who grew gloriously fat on a per centage of the beef he

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killed, but dying suddenly, left his family lean. Something had to be done. The eldest daughter had shone at the public balls in Tammany and Gothic Halls. She was a pupil of Parker, and Parker declared at one of his exhibition balls, when she had elevated her left foot so as to be able to "sight" her teacher over her great toe—Parker declared on that occasion that he was proud of her, and that she would some day or other rise higher. She was flattered by her teacher's approval, and when her father, the butcher, was knocked down by death, leaving no beef to his family—the sorrowing daughter asked herself timidly whether she could not make a raise, by raising her feet on the stage. Just then there were two of the "hop-i-ti-toe-kick" members of the profession on this side of the water, and dancing "supes" were in demand. She applied at the stage door of one of our theatres, and was asked to walk into one corner where there was a sort of a guage.

"Try if you can lift your foot as high as that," said the *maitresse de ballet*, putting the guage up about six feet from the floor.

Our heroine balanced herself, and the left leg slowly began its difficult ascent.

"Very good, very good, indeed," cried the *maitresse*, encouragingly—"now swing round."

The second feat was not so easily accomplished. The amateur's great toe would not sustain the pressure, and the whirl at the same time. She fell to the ground and bruised her nose. But by often trying she succeeded at last, and the *maitresse* declared that she would do. The butcher's daughter was engaged at six dollars a week during the run of the *ballet*.

The night came when our heroine was to make her first appearance as a dancer on the stage. She repaired to the theatre and was shown up to a room, where thirty girls were crowded together, dressing in fanciful costume. Some of these girls were a little tipsy; others swore round oaths as they talked among themselves. Our poor novice—how her heart sunk, and what difficulty she had in driving back the tears! A pair of tights, se-

veral short petticoats, and a pair of slippers were given to her, and she was told to dress. Slowly, reluctantly she put on the garments—then the hair dresser roughly and rudely dressed her hair; then one of her companions volunteered to chalk her face and neck, and touch her pale cheeks with rouge. And then she was told to go to the long glass and see how she looked. The defunct butcher's daughter, thinking all the while of the little brothers and sisters at home, who once had beef in abundance but now wanted bread, did as she was commanded. She walked up to the glass, and when it threw back her form and face to her gaze—the poor child burst into tears.

"You'll wash off the chalk—what are you crying about?" exclaimed one of her companions.

The tears were dried; the call bell rung, but when the girl tripped on to the stage, she needed no rouge to relieve the whiteness of the skin. Through the thick, white chalk, which was plastered over her neck and bosom, came the crimson expression of outraged modesty, from the quick rushing blood.

"Why don't you smile?" cried the *maitresse de ballet*, from the wing. "What a face that is for a heroine supposed to be dancing in Paradise, in honor of the arrival of the soul of a faithful Mahomedan, who drank no wine, and never whipped one of his seven-and-thirty wives, and so has won perfect bliss. Smile, you fool!"

The girl did smile, but two or three octogenarians, who sat in the pit and looked earnestly through their *lorgnettes*, as she pirouetted, said it was a very queer smile. If their big glasses had possessed the power to reveal her heart to their straining eyes, they would no longer have wondered. It was a bitter smile. But she speedily overcame this weakness; she could not afford to cherish it. She may even now laugh at it, in every novice she comes in contact with. To her the path of duty is plain—a great necessity forbids her to be fastidious—there are little ones at home to be fed—and to feed them she is a **BALLET GIRL**.



THE CAP-MAKER.

If one half of the world knew how the other half lived, there might be no occasion for us to write a sketch of the Cap Maker. We walk through the square miles of houses in this city, and wonder what feeds such a vast population, how they can pay their rents, or procure the other necessities of life. We visit the markets, and see the immense quantities of provisions, daily furnished to feed this half million of people, and we wonder again, where all the money comes from to pay butchers, and dealers in vegetables, fish, milk, and other eatables. We walk through Broadway, Canal street, the Bowery, Catherine street, and a dozen more, and looking again, at the number and variety of the shops, we wonder afresh where the money comes from. We learn how small are the wages of a common laborer, or mechanic, in many trades, and our wonder is increased. How is it possible, we ask, with rents, food, and all the

necessaries of life so expensive, as we know them to be—how is it possible that any man can support a family on such wages?

Now comes tripping along our pretty, taper-fingered Cap Maker, and helps to solve our queries and drive away our brood of wonderments. With the dainty wand of her well used needle, she waves away the doubts that surround us, and we begin to see how rents are paid, and food and clothing provided. The secret is in a vast productive industry, finding its demand in an immense trade, extending to all states of the Union and all quarters of the world. The Cap Maker is a beautiful embodiment of American Industry. She is also a fine representative of the worthy independence, and strong self reliance, of the American women.

What, then, says the Cap Maker?

"You wonder," she says, "where the money comes from, to pay rents to landlords and

THE CAP MAKER.

landlord corporations. You wonder what pays agriculture for its productions, and supports all those who are engaged in feeding, clothing, and furnishing us the necessities and luxuries of life. Come with me, and I will show you."

We attend our guide, the spirited, the intelligent, the industrious and therefore worthy and independent Cap Maker. She conducts us into a large room in which are sixty girls all busy as so many bees in June, plying their needles, and fashioning caps of cloth, and glazed fabric, and leather, and plush, and fur. There are caps for two shillings, and caps for five dollars; rough, stout caps for hardy backwoodsmen, and beautiful gold-embroidered velvet caps, for some proud mama's little darling to parade with in Broadway.

"Well! this is very nice—but it goes but a little way toward solving the problem."

"Don't be impatient—see this worthy woman, coming out of the shop, with a large bundle. This is a widow, who lives with her maiden sister and three daughters. This bundle is to be made up into caps. They are all cut out, and ready for sewing. This little back shop is kept by a Polish Jew; that is by a German of the same race.

"The Jews seem to have a natural taste for head-dress. They almost monopolize the cap trade. They supply almost the whole demand of the United States, and export great quantities to foreign countries.

"There are, say, five thousand cap-makers in the city of New York, and there are ten times that number of females engaged in other branches of productive industry.—These fifty thousand industrious girls and women, earn, on an average, three dollars a week. This is the pretty sum of SEVEN MILLIONS EIGHT HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS, (\$7,800,000,) of which sum we, the cap-makers, earn seven hundred and eighty thousand dollars (\$780,000,) a year. Now can you see where the money comes from?"

This explanation, stated with so much precision, is sufficiently accurate to show how landlords live in their luxurious palaces, how trade finds a demand for its thousand commodities—how agriculture reaps from the city a golden harvest—how are supported armies of shop boys and non-producers, and the hangers-on of society.

We have chosen the Cap Maker as the first of our new series of illustrations of FEMALE INDUSTRY. It is her right as a member of the largest class, and one of the most respectable. The common branches of the business have little art or mystery, and require only rapid and continuous exertion. It is work. The nicer, and more fanciful branches, may aspire to the dignity of artistic labor. It is of a kind that involves pleasure in the doing, which of itself is the best pay.

But, as a general thing, the work of our cap-maker is one of downright toil, sustained by high and holy motives—those of earning an honest living, living a virtuous life, and often contributing to the support of helpless age or infancy. Human nature rises into beauty and grandeur, when viewed in such an aspect as this.

The Cap-Maker is honest, for she more than earns every dollar she gets; she is virtuous, for daily toil, in a city where vice offers the show of ease, is strong virtue; she is useful—look at the aggregate result of her labors.

But there is much to sweeten honest toil. In the summer our Cap-Maker is the gayest girl at the ice-cream garden, and the steam-boat excursion. We met her several times, this winter, at the balls at Tammany and the Apollo. The last time we saw her was at one of the concerts of the Christy Minstrels. She was laughing very heartily, and seemed very happy. At her side was seated a young mechanic, who took the most remarkable good care of her. His arm, thrown around on the back of the seat, not only kept her shawl in place, but afforded her constant protection.

We are happy to hear that this love affair is likely to have a happy termination. Mechanics find a plenty of work at reasonable wages. The little fund, which our Cap-Maker has so long been laying by in the savings' bank, begins to take the shape of household furniture, as she trips along Chatham square, or looks in at the auction stores in Ann street; and it would not surprise us to hear that before a year is over, she has employed her well-skilled fingers in making a smaller number of caps than are ever given out by the Boss Cap-makers of New York.



THE BOOK FOLDER.

Literally true is it of the Book-Folders—that they have knowledge at their fingers' ends. Fortunately for them it goes no further—else what maelstroms of conflicting ideas and sentiments would their poor little heads be. It must be tedious enough for them to fold the printed sheets without reading them. Think—if the touch of each sheet pervaded the brain with a sort of summary of the argument, and our lady book-folder were to day at work on Davis' Revelations, to-morrow on the newest exposition of the older theology, the next day on the Mormon bible, the day succeeding on "Universalism Illustrated and Enforced," would she be prepared to hear a doctrinal sermon from her pastor next Sunday, or teach the catechism to her class of little ones in the Sunday School?

And what would become of her morals—were those fingers of her's endowed with the sensitiveness we have supposed? For necessity compels her to fold all the books which are brought to the shop. She must address herself to poetry and romance, to a

pretended philosophy which might corrupt, and a so called progress which might sweep her far away from the old conservative anchorage to which education and habit had attached her. In the way of business she must not shrink from Moore or Byron. She must maintain her self-possession in the presence of Bocaccio, keep cool before Paul de Kock, and snap her fingers in defiance of the devil of Pelham and all his (Bulwer's,) works.

Then, too,—were those fingers communicative—how hungry would many a poor book-folder be! Blessed non-conductors of stupidity! Unconsciously, even gaily and blithely, have you passed over the pages of Mathews; the opiate exhaling thence, mercifully passeth by the folder of compulsion, to visit the reader of free will. Not on her, compelled to "do up" Mathews, falls the lethargy of his pen; she looks the literary Morpheus straight in the face; her eyes droop not; she is wide awake; not even Mathews can catch her napping! But that which to her would be a curse—to what large

THE BOOK FOLDER

numbers may it not be a ministering angel of mercy?

O lightly, lightly tread
For a holy thing is sleep—
O'er the worn spirits shed
And eyes that wake to weep."

Dear Cornelius, we commend thy books to all who, in this unsympathizing world, sink beneath the weight of sad remembrances. Wherever there is a mourner, visit thou him. Closet thyself with the unfortunate who resigns himself to despair, and be thou the voice speaking—"peace, be still," to the tempests which rage in troubled souls. In other words, dear Cornelius—and all this should have been said in parenthesis—put to sleep all to whom wakefulness has become torture. You can do it, and should.

But of the book-folders themselves—of the class, and its representative in our paper to day. We are ignorant of the number of book-folders in the city, but hasty observations in Nassau, Fulton and Ann streets, convince us that if they were to move in procession, they would be full sixty minutes in passing any one point. The curious may now cipher out the number. There is a small army of book-folders employed in the Bible House, and what would prove a heavy reinforcement, find work in the Tract Society's buildings. The young ladies in these two establishments are all of them very pretty, and the majority of them very pious. But though bible and tract manufacture may monopolize nearly all the piety of the trade, it does not all the beauty. There are in other large binderies, scores of beautiful girls, and good girls, who may or may not be pious. They take good care of themselves, and some of them by their industry aid in the support of younger brothers and sisters. Some make as much as six dollars a week; others not over two—the average, we believe is about three dollars and a half a week.

It so happens that our book-folder is pious, and belongs to the Tract House. We will not swear that she is beautiful; it rather strikes us that she is not; but tastes differ and—there is the picture. She is, however, a most exemplary girl; a girl educated in the severe school of duty—who has grown strong through trial.

At eighteen our book-folder was more hardly off than an orphan. Her mother had been bed-ridden for years; her father had become a helpless, hopeless drunkard. There were five other children, three girls and two boys, all younger than herself. Upon her depended the care of the sick mother, and the support of the whole family. Hear her short story, in which pious trust and constant effort go so beautifully hand in hand.

"I doubted not that 'as my day, so would my strength be,' and so there was nothing like despair to retard my labor. I brought my work home, watched my mother, and folded from early in the morning till late, very late sometimes, into the night. And thus I earned four dollars a week. Our rent was but one, and the other three procured us food,

medicine for my mother, and clothing, coarse and humble, but respectable. Be sure that in my housekeeping there was no waste. Very soon my sisters (the oldest was only twelve,) began to take an interest in my work, and in less than three months—all were busy as bees, earning but little to be sure, but the little was a great help. The oldest boy was taken into the Tract House, at a dollar a week—the youngest, our baby of four years, paid for his board and lodging, by kissing our poor, suffering mother gently as she slept, and passing his little soft hands soothingly over her head when she waked. Six months later and she died. A terrible storm raged that night; but our apartments, humble as they were, were comfortable, and the great sorrow weighing upon me lifted somewhat, to think, that the labor of my hands had been blessed—that neither cold, nor hunger, had aggravated the sufferings of the patient and the uncomplaining one, who was then passing away. She asked me to raise her in the bed, and with a great effort she put her withered arms around my neck. 'I see,' she said, looking steadfastly at me—'I see a bright light, and it is shining on your forehead, my child.' And as she spake, the strength which she had not known for years came back to her. I felt her grasp tighten around my neck, and her lips grew unto mine, in the giving of the blessing which was borne on her last breath. If I had ever once complained at the hardness of my lot, my dying mother's blessing would have stung me."

There was a long pause here in our heroine's narration. When she resumed, it was with a smile which played humorously about her mouth:

"That was eight years ago, and now I am twenty-six; but you must not run away with the idea that I have never had an offer. I have had two or three; the last, everybody said, was a first rate one; and so I thought myself until I pointed the gentleman to my father, who was sleeping heavily in a chair, overcome with strong drink."

"And what said the gentlemen? Of course he understood you."

"Oh, yes; he shook his head."

"And you?"

"Shook my head, too."

We are afraid that our heroine will be an old maid. Her father promises to live a great many years, and who that reads this will dream that he will be an outcast while such a daughter lives? Need we say that the girls and boys brought up by this sister are doing well?

When souls are marshalled, and take their places according to their greatness, very many elegant people who went to the Astor Place Opera last winter, will have but a poor place in the procession to show their diamonds in. But look where the priceless jewels flash—away up at the head of the line—and ten to one that the eyes that can withstand the splendor will there see our BOOK FOLDER.



“SWEETS TO THE SWEET.”

The pretty fingers of our heroine of to-day are busy continually in the packing of fancy soaps, perfumery, &c. This is her occupation, and she lives in an atmosphere of “pleasant smells,” as good old Herrick has it. Our lady readers, will associate her with the delicate soap of the toilet-table, and the subdued perfumes which fashion rigorously ordains they shall wear. Her own story is brief enough, and lacks the material for romance. Her father was a sea-captain—an old sea-dog—who, in his fiftieth year, fancied that duty and inclination absolved him from farther allegiance to Neptune—and so he bought a farm up on the Hudson, whither he removed with our heroine, his only child. The mother had been dead many years, and the child was the creation of one of our fash-

ionable boarding-schools. But the “ancient mariner” longed for a snuff of the salt water air, and getting into a quarrel with a neighbor about the boundary line between their respective estates, he suddenly became disgusted with a country life, sold out his farm, and invested the proceeds in a ship. The vessel sailed for Copenhagen and was never heard of again. The daughter waited anxiously, but in vain, for tidings from the missing vessel, and at length abandoned herself to despair. Aroused by the necessity of doing something for her own subsistence, for not a farthing was now left, and friends were few, she came to the city in search of employment. Too well or too badly educated to become a servant, she sought for some time a place and a business. At length she secured

"SWEETS TO THE SWEET."

a situation in a manufactory of fancy soaps, and speedily learning to pack the articles neatly and with taste, was henceforth sure of employment while her health remained. At present she is engaged in the soap and perfumery establishment of William H. Babbitt, No. 197 Water street—an establishment as well known as any in the country, and celebrated for the excellence of its cosmetics and the taste shown in their getting up.

This manufactory comprises three floors, each 67 by 25 feet. The upper floor is for drying and storing the rough material. The next for manufacturing and drying the soap. The ground floor is used, the front of it for a sales-room, and the back for finishing and packing the articles. Mr. Babbitt employs thirty hands, twenty of which are girls.

The business of fancy soap making and preparing of perfumery employs, in this city, from six hundred to seven hundred girls: in

the country from three thousand to five thousand. In the city the average of wages is four dollars a week; in the country about three dollars.

The articles have not only an extensive home consumption, but there is a great foreign demand. Mr. Babbitt exports to all the principal West India Islands, and to South America, and many of the articles of his manufacture are in demand in London and Paris. The foreign trade of other dealers is also heavy.

We would say more touching our heroine, if there were more to say. Those of our readers who are interested in her, may at any time ask her how she is "off for soap," and be sure of receiving a satisfactory answer. We think she is rather pretty, her business is a sweet one, and so "SWEETS TO THE SWEET."



THE POCKET BOOK MAKER.

There was a time when *the* pocket book was something more than the fancy thing which has usurped its name, and which has come into fashion with the banks, paper circulation and pocket book dropping. Whoever remembers his great-grandfather, or (perhaps) his grandfather, remembers two things *personal* to that respectable gentleman—his watch and his pocket book. The watch was none of your finely chased and burnished gold levers such as are common in our time, but a substantial pot-bellied Liverpool watch, with its double case of thick silver, warranted to go a hundred years at least; a plain unpretentious establishment, of which the old gentleman was proud, notwithstanding. When he drew it out to tell a neighbor the time of day, there was a quiet dignity in the act, as much as to say, "here's a watch as is a watch." And next to the time-keeper, was the money keeper, the large pocket book of russet calf, with its strap of

leather, likewise, wound round it twice, and well secured in the slides on both sides; a pocket book, well and strongly sewn together—with its capacious recesses, its memorandum book and pencil, and all things needful in a pocket book. It was not a thing

"—of shreds and patches."

of paste, paper and morocco made of bad sheep skin. Girls made no pocket books in those days; the work required a man, with his thread and awl and strong arms to use them. But the day of plain substantiality has gone by. We carry now "finer" pocket books, dandy affairs, that our grandfathers would have been indignant to look at. It is questionable whether we have as much in them. But the change in the fashion has given employment to a large number of females, and so we will not regret it. We are told that the pocket-book manufacture is very flourishing, employing a large number of hands, and yielding very fair wages. It is

THE POCKET BOOK MAKER.

said, too, that the young ladies engaged in this department of industry, are noted for their beauty. A young friend at our elbow declares his readiness to bet a common sized pocket-book full of one dollar notes, that there are two establishments in this city which can parade a larger number of beautiful girls than the Bible-house and Tract-society rooms put together. He says that pretty girls take to the business. By a natural association of ideas, they connect a pocket-book with money, and money with a handsome young husband. It is all likely enough. But it should be remarked that plain, as well as pretty girls, are accustomed to dream of rich and handsome husbands.

Of the original of the picture above, and who may be taken as the representative of the

whole tribe of female pocket-book makers, we know very little. The artist when he was taking her likeness, asked her if there was one delicious little bit of romance in her history, which would enrich a sketch. She shook her head. He asked her her age. She put her finger to her nose in a way quite comical. Had she ever had a lover? She cast down her eyes and tried to look interesting. Was she in love now? She rubbed her cheeks with her hands until the color came into them. Would she like to be married? She looked up to the clock with an impatient expression in her eyes. What shall I say of you? asked the artist, determined to make her open her mouth. "Say," she answered "that I am woman and a—POCKET-BOOK MAKER."



THE WEAVER.

Mechanical improvements and inventions, the contrivances by which the work of twenty men is done more speedily and better than by manual power—have doubtless added to the wealth of the world—but the misfortune is that this wealth has gone into the pockets of the few, making them rich and more powerful, while the great many have grown poorer, and more helpless and more dependent. It is a fact which presses itself with daily increasing force on the attention of the careful, reflecting observer, that while the world is asserting a political equality which shakes thrones and despotisms, a social inequality is rapidly developing itself. We seem to be but changing simply the form of despotism, not destroying it. We reject the "divine right" of imperial rulership with scorn and contempt, but the power thus paralyzed, the incubus thus thrown off, assumes a new shape, that of capital and monopoly, and becomes like the evil spirit

mentioned in the New Testament, doubly evil, trebly oppressive. The wonderful progress of the world in science and the mechanic arts—a progress which amazes us every time we contemplate it, far out-speeds that moral and social progress which should keep even pace with it. Machinery has not lifted the burden from the shoulders of the toil-worn masses. On the contrary it has added to the burden. Were machinery worked for the good of all, instead of the benefit of the few, labor would no longer be a curse; it would be a blessing; it would be but necessary physical exercise, occupying but a few hours of the day, and permitting the laborer (if you indeed might call him such,) ample time for social enjoyment, for the cultivation of his mind, for indulging in rational amusements, and for the enjoyment of a life, which would no longer be clouded by anxiety, nor saddened by want. Does any one believe that the great masses have advanced in their

THE WEAVER.

condition in anything like a fair ratio of the advance of knowledge and discovery? Does any one believe that England, the English people we mean, are as rich to-day as the English people of the period of Henry VIII. were? Surely not. The wages of that time—the *penny a day* for the common laborer, were ample to the supply of all his wants. How is it now with the poor weaver of England, compelled to compete with machinery; crawling from his couch of straw into his loom, and working there from early light almost to next day's dawn, for a scanty crust at the best—with the poor-house in perspective.

"Ill fares that land, to certain ill a prey
Where wealth accumulates and men decay."

Machinery, clutched and controled by capital, which reproduces itself with fearful velocity in the hands of its original possessors, is the later form which despotism takes on. It threatens to enrich a few while it beggars the many. It threatens the masses with a subjection more hopeless than that of an imperial fiat—since it can give or withhold from them at its pleasure, the bread whereby alone they live. It threatens to make a dozen men all-powerful, while it reduces a million to slavery. It threatens indeed to *dwarf* our race; to make giants of King Lawrence of the Lowell and Nashua mills, mere puppets and tools, worked at his will, of all those who labor for bread in these mills. We don't see the evil in this country just now. But we have only to cross the

Atlantic to see this new Colossus in all his fearful majesty. There we can see a wealth swollen and bloated, and a poverty so abject, that the desperate father poisons one child that he may receive from the burial society money enough to feed the remaining issue of his loins for yet another day! God grant that such violent contrasts may never force themselves upon our aching eyes!

But all this may be regarded as foreign to the issue; yet have we little more to say. The original of the picture which heads this sketch is a hand-loom weaver. Busily she plies the shuttle from day to day. It is a Chinese proverb, we believe—"Time flies like the weaver's shuttle." The shuttle of our weaver flies with the rapidity of the passing seconds. From day to day, from month to month, year out and year in, she sits at her loom, and throws with active hand the shuttle. Are there holidays for her? Yes, the one blessed day, blessed and sanctified, we mean, to the weary toiler, when she rests, and the nights too, which draw their curtains around her humble bed, kiss her drooping eyelids, and dismiss her to sweet repose. But for her, the theatres and the opera, the concert hall, and the gay pleasure-attracting mansion open not their doors. She awakes from sleep to address herself to toil, and quits her labor only to be refreshed by sleep. Such is the life of the original of the picture "THE WEAVER."



THE STRAW BRAIDER.

SHE was born on Long Island, the daughter of a thrifty farmer, who was more careful of his crops than his children. There was the district school which six months of the year she attended. At home the mother was busy in the dairy, the father on the farm. Our straw braider was cursed with beauty, which blooming in her fourteenth year, attracted the attention of a summer loiterer in the country, a rich young fool, who thought it a very fine thing, and something to boast of, to sully that which God had made spotless.

It is an old story, and a brief one. In a short half-year she was in a house of ill-fame (our now industrious straw-braider) in this city of New York. Not fifteen years of age, a country girl—a poor, unsophisticated creature, (*verdant*, the heartless would call her,) she had been abandoned by her seducer, and now, with a “second principle of life” beating in her bosom, she was entirely friendless,

saving and excepting those *friends* who sought her for her youth, her comparative innocence and her beauty.

Shall we go on with the story? Why not? It is truthful. She gave birth to a child—a child of innocence rocked in the cradle of shame. But this rare beauty—withered now mayhap—attracted many admirers. An old man kept her, and he “set her up in business.” Thus far *passive*, she now seemingly became *active* in sin. She kept the den whither lust drove its victims, and where lust came to be slaked. And so four years passed—four years of darkness, and then she came forth. Helped by no human, friendly hand, unsustained save by the instinct of purity yet vital within her, she abandoned the life she had led, and sought the means whereby the labor of her own hands might minister to her necessities.

The child was sent into the country, away from scenes so bitter to the mother’s experi-

THE STRAW BRAIDER.

ence, and the mother learned the art of straw-braiding. Christian benevolence, which supports missions far away, where though Christian formularies may be taught but little else is learned, helped not the repentant whose faltering steps retraced the path she had trod. She walked resolutely, nevertheless, and though when those features which had been seen in places of infamy were recognized, and the heartless cried out their recognition, eager, it would almost seem, to

wave back the spirit that struggled to rise—it still toiled on and upward.

Scan the face of the picture, and try, oh! merciful man, to see there a self-redemption. Bethink thee of those whom the world casts out as outlaws, and if from among the throng of the cast out and contemned of the world one soul shall essay to rise—say, shall thy hand strike it down. "Let him who is without sin among ye cast the first stone"—at our STRAW BRAIDER.



THE PRINT COLORER.

One of the strongest proofs that the great million love pictures, is the fact that the patent medicine which is put up in the handsomest pictorial envelope commands the greatest sale. A label representing the angel of mercy pointing an unfortunate invalid to the miniature likeness of the discoverer, or preparer of a certain wonderful cure-all, while the angel of hope beckons him with encouraging smiles to follow the direction of mercy—this little device, so well calculated to move all pitying hearts, has put many a bitter dose into confiding stomachs, and moved bowels, "albeit all unused to the melting mood."

If other evidence be wanting of the love of the mass for pictures, it is to be found in the crowds which gather round the windows of the cheap print shops in Nassau street—the shops which supply the whole country with cheap pictures, and give employment to thousands of print colorers. Stuck up people who prattle learnedly of the old masters, may sneer at the cheap prints and deride the vulgar taste that buys them—but neither the prints nor their admirers are to

be laughed at. The former have their influence, scattered as they are throughout this immense country, pasted on the walls of the squatter's cabin, hung up over the little looking glass in the country girl's room, or arranged on the walls of the village tavern. They set people to thinking, whose minds else might sink into a lethargy induced by monotonous labor and isolation from the world. Rude the engraving, the coloring but a daub, each yet tells its story and starts the inactive mind on its mission of enquiry and reflection. A coarse likeness of Washington brings fresh to the recollection the events of the great patriot's life. The signing of the Declaration of Independence, fixes the founders of a nation again in the fading memory. There is not a red-faced "Eliza," or "Jane," or "Susan" of the print shops that does not call up to some solitary heart, some little romance of youth, with a thousand pleasant associations, grateful to his soul as the shower which falls on the parched soil. Hang up a picture in your room, says Leigh Hunt—that it may speak to you when you are alone and desponding. There is

THE PRINT COLORER.

companionship in them, and they will never trouble you. You may pass them by fifty times, and they will never rebuke you for neglect; but when you want them, when your brain is dull and sluggish, and the eye wanders listlessly, the picture will arrest it, and forthwith it will speak—perhaps of great men and great actions, inciting you to emulation—or of some tender story, over which you wept in childhood, and you call to mind not the story alone, but that childhood, so crowded with bright visions—or of love and romance—"Courtship," "Popping the Question," "Marriage," and you laugh or cry, just as your courtship and marriage may have exerted a kindly or an unkindly influence on your life—and so you are no longer alone, or idle. Thus much to show that even the poorest pictures are not to be despised, and now for the business before us, the art of the print colorer.

There are not less, it is computed, than two thousand females in this city who earn their living by coloring prints. A few of these, perhaps two or three hundred, are at the top of the profession and make excellent wages, by coloring costly engravings. The remainder work for the people, and lay the colors on cheap pictures at very moderate prices. The entire country furnishes customers for these pictures, which are sent by mail, wherever the benevolent Uncle Sam has located a post office. An expert print colorer, can clear from three dollars to four dollars and a half a week on the commonest work. The average, we suppose, is not more than two dollars and fifty cents a week. Our print colorer, who has so kindly loaned us her portrait (uncolored, as the reader will see,) for this number, has but one little bit of romance to enliven our sketch, and that singularly enough is connected with her present business, or rather was the occasion of her adopting it. Her father is a thrifty tradesman, who gave her, his only child, a fashionable education. When she was old enough to quit her books and kick off her pantalettes, her worthy papa resolved that she should marry—and marry well, according to his notion. Speedily, therefore, she was introduced to a dried-up specimen of

humanity—an old bachelor (very old, very lean and very withered,) who had one hundred and eighty thousand dollars in U. S. six per cents, three blocks of dwellings in as many fashionable streets, four storehouses in Broad street, and two in Pearl street, with other trifling attractions. The old mummy wished to take to his bosom a young wife, and he was delighted when his feeble eyes fell upon our heroine. Proposals were made in due form to the father; they were accepted by him, and rejected by the daughter. The father was a man of business, and he tendered his ultimatum at once to his daughter.—"Marry the man of my election, or quit my house." The daughter was not less decisive; she chose the latter alternative, and set about earning her own living by coloring prints. This was six years ago, and though time does wonders, it has not yet softened the heart of the parent, who, because his daughter would not embrace civilized prostitution, at his bidding, turned her from his doors and withdrew from her his protection. The latter she is better without, and thus far she has managed to protect and support herself honorably. It may be when the old man comes to die, and he shall look with less reverence on the wealth he has spent his life in accumulating—he will see in that daughter, the representative of many true women, who have refused to sell themselves to the highest bidders at the bidding of mercenary parents—and it may be that in "the good time coming," women, helpless and dependent as they are, and of whom it has been said truly that they only exchange the despotism of a parent for that of a husband,—may be allowed to consult their own hearts in the bestowal of their hands, or have a vote at least in the election which decides their fate; so that the most solemn contract to which parties can affix their names, may not be a deliberate lie and perjury, resulting, as do all lies and perjuries, in wreck and ruin. But this good time must be a long time coming—we are obliged, therefore, for her present encouragement and sustenance, to bespeak the sympathies of the *uncivilized* in behalf of our heroine, the PRINT COLORER.



THE EMBROIDRESS.

To pursue that for a livelihood, under the pressure of a terrible necessity, which was learned as an accomplishment and practised as a pastime—must be a saddening and discouraging labor. But this is a world of ups and downs, and could we study it in all its phases and eccentricities, we should marvel but for a little while, and then never marvel again. We know a young lady in this city, on whose musical education a wealthy and doting father spent thousands of dollars. Reverses came—wealth vanished, death stalked into that bright and jovious household, and went not out again until the seats around the fireside were all vacant save two—the father's seat—the loved, crushed, humbled father—and the daughter to whom reference has been made. But just when all seemed lost—when poverty gaped and grimaced at father and child—this mere accomplishment of the wealthy, beautiful girl, stood in the place of the New York 6 per cents, which had vanished into thin air, and the good girl looked upon the piano, hitherto only the pastime of an idle hour, as the source from whence a livelihood for that dear father was to come. True, filial piety has dignified and surrounded with a sacred atmosphere the pastime, now become a profession, and there is a tender, a poetical interest, to lighten the tediousness

of the daily, monotonous routine of the music teacher.

To an extent, it is so with the original of the picture up above. She too was nursed in luxury; she too knew of no labor, which was to hasten the passage of the lagging hours. It was the full, golden sunshine which glowed on her, until she was well into her teens; and when the clouds and the darkness came, the merchant's losses, and man's ingratitude, and the world's unkindness, the art learned in the sunnier time became the means whereby each day's scanty bread was to be obtained.

Said a fashionable lady to the writer of this the other day: "Do you know how suddenly people disappear from the fashionable circles of New York? And do you know that those who but a little while before were hand in glove with them, the dear, kissing-when-ever-they-met, friends, betray no surprise, and exhibit no grief at these disappearances? And do you know that the only way to maintain your intimacy with the dearest and nearest of these fashionables, is to keep your account good in a Wall street bank, and your credit unsuspected at high 'Change?" True enough; her queries developed the fact. There are these monthly disappearances from the ga wolyrd of show, pleasure and fashion.

THE EMBROIDRESS.

A decline of $\frac{1}{2}$ of an English penny in cotton, tumbles many an unsuspecting, unapprehensive family, who but yesterday were wasting time and money at Stewart's—from a palace on one of the avenues, to a humble two-story-and-attic in a by street. They depart suddenly, and the fine places and fine people who knew them, shall know them no more for ever. A poor devil tumbles into the river, and somebody will be sure to pluck his swollen body thence and summon the coroner to hold and inquest on him. Even the newspapers will make a show of interest and sympathy in behalf of the unknown dead; but let the god of gold frown on his votary, let the suspicious banker detect the *shakiness* of a merchant, and it is all over with him. Mrs. Fol-de-rol, the leader of the world of fashion, will ask Mrs. Tol-de-rol, the first lieutenant: "By the bye, what has become

of the Smiths? their beautiful house is closed up."

And Mrs. Tol-de-rol will answer—"Don't you know they have failed, smashed up, hopelessly gone into bankruptcy?"

"Bless me!" exclaims Mrs. Fol-de-rol, "how unpleasant—but shall we have opera this season?"

The young lady who permits us to present to the reader her portrait, has in a brief life experienced these sudden, terrible reverses, and learned how utterly heartless was the world in which she lived, and which she thought so beautiful. She was wealthy once, now she is poor; but if she have one true friend left, intelligent and faithful, however humble that friend may be—richer than she was when dwelling beneath a gilded dome—is now the original of the picture—THE EMBROIDRESS.



THE FANCY BOX-MAKER.

Ladies and gentlemen, permit us to introduce the Fancy Box-maker. Fancy Box-maker, ladies and gentlemen. Ahem—all right. Introductions are voted bores all the world over. The lady box-maker who has permitted the artist to transfer her face to box-wood, informs us that the calling she pursues is much more nice than profitable. She says that in choosing a trade, they choose foolishly who become fancy box-makers. It is not over good for the eyes, not a little distressing to the fingers, and she must be a smart girl indeed who makes a comfortable living by the trade. It is very fine for ladies who trip out of their carriages into one of the showy stores of Broadway, and pay a round price for a fancy box that happens to strike their fancy, but it is quite another matter with the humble maker of that same box. She, poor girl, is stowed away in an attic and compelled to work, through a very long day, for the merest pittance. There is no help for her, because if she don't choose to do the work at the fixed price, there are others

who will, and she has the free right to starve. So it is with nearly all the trades and occupations to which females devote themselves. They are friendless, helpless, and very hungry. By hard work they can earn a scanty loaf a day, and that sustains life, and they hope, and hope, and continue in the faith, that a brighter day is about to dawn on their life, that there is "a good time coming." Meanwhile, we are a ferociously philanthropic people—we send ever so much money a year to convert the poor heathen—those very heathen who (before they are converted, we mean) would rather dispense with that type of civilization, a shirt, than put it on their backs as our New York christians do, knowing that misery, almost entirely hopeless misery, made it for just enough to buy a hard and scanty crust. It is a very odd kind of a world we live in—but we will not give it over just yet. When all the heathens, "that interesting people who dwell in the islands of the sea," are converted; when they thoroughly under-

THE FANCY BOX-MAKER.

stand each one and all of the thirty-nine articles, why then there will be a chance for poor Christian folk, nearer unto our doors, but shut off from our charities just now, by the necessities of the "poor heathen," ten thousand miles away. When the heathen are all converted, the working girls of the country will get better wages. How can you expect Deacon Pugnose to pay a fair price for the making of his shirts, when he pledged

himself at "last anniversary" to give one hundred dollars a year towards the evangelization of Ceylon? The Cingalese must be converted—poor Christians must in the mean time look out for themselves.

We have little more to say, but to commend these thoughts to the reader, and ask his sympathies for all the working poor, and especially for the—

FANCY BOX-MAKER.



THE HAT TRIMMER.

There are nice clever girls all over the town who live genteelly by trimming hats. It is perhaps one of the most profitable branches of industry in which females are employed. There are some who make a dollar a day, or six dollars a week, and the average is not less than four dollars and a half a week. The hat trimmers are, as a class, very pretty, and rather romantic—there is something charming to them in working on a hat which is to cover a man's head. The dear, loveable creatures!

We maintain that our hat finisher is pretty, and we submit her portrait in support of our opinion. Whether pretty or not—tastes may differ—she is a remarkable girl as all our readers will admit when they have read this hasty sketch.

Some years ago our hat trimmer was a little dirty vagrant, then thirteen years old, who was obliged by the people who had her in charge to go out every rainy, nasty day, with an old broom in her hand, and sweep the crossing at the foot of the Park, opposite the Astor House, for the pennies she begged from the passers by. She never knew who her parents were, and for years was not aware

that children had parents. Why should she know? Parental kindness she never experienced. A drunken old couple, who lived in one of the narrow streets leading to the Points, these were her *protectors* and *guardians*, as they were the protectors and guardians of four other houseless and homeless little ones, picked up nobody knows where; the children themselves could not tell. These five girls were employed in collecting money, either by direct beggary or in picking up pennies at the street crossings in rainy weather. Each girl must bring home at night thirty cents at least, or she received a cruel whipping and went to bed supperless. At thirteen our heroine began to think for herself, and was moreover favored by fortune. At the Park crossing she frequently got a dollar, and sometimes a dollar and a half, a day. Then she began to think of the wretches who held her in bondage, and inquire of herself if there was not some way of getting rid of such tyrants, and improving her own condition.

At this time she did not know how to read. She was miserably poor, degraded and ignorant. But the idea of emancipation and ele-

THE HAT TRIMMER

vation once born in her mind, continued to grow and strengthen. She thought the matter over as she begged from door to door in the sunshine, and it was alive and working when the poor child swept the crossings "mid the pitiless peltings of the storm." The first resolution she adopted was to pay her cruel taskmasters no more than the sum necessary to save her from a beating. The balance of each day's receipts she stealthily deposited in a hole in the yard. Pursuing this plan for six months, and favored during this time by the rainy weather, she counted up, in sixpences and shillings, her gains. They amounted to thirty five dollars. With this money she took *French* leave of her protectors, and put out into the wide world to provide for herself. She sought a situation as a servant, with no success for two or three days. At last she entered a house, the lady of which was interested in her appearance, and engaged her to run of errands, sweep the rooms and attend the table. This was a new business to our little heroine, but she addressed herself to it, and won the approbation of her mistress. All this while she looked curiously at the morning paper which she carried in from the basement area. She saw her master open it and hold it in his hand, without speaking a word, for an hour or more. When he laid it down, she picked it up, but the child could make nothing of the strange looking characters which blackened the surface of the paper. She spoke to the cook about it, and the cook surprised at the ignorance of the child, procured a spelling book and taught her her letters. The gate once opened how the tide of knowledge flowed in upon that young mind! She learned to read in an incredibly short space of time; the newspaper was now no longer for the exclusive use and enjoyment of the people in the parlor. She read it, slowly and with difficulty, consulting at almost every other word a common school dictionary, which her mistress had loaned her. Yet she understood but little of what she read; but every sentence which was obscure only the more keenly whetted the new desire awakened within her. She soon knew more than her first kind instructress, the cook, and became an object worthy the attention and interest of her kind hearted employers. It may seem a trifling thing, to bestow a thought on one so humble and ignorant as was our heroine. There are people who will laugh at the kindness which was exhibited to this child by her employers, and ask derisively does it decrease the great sum of ignorance and degradation, the direct-

ing upwards of the trembling steps of a single child? Suppose every man were to plant on the walk opposite his door a young tree, and carefully water it while he lived in that house, and suppose that, moving the next May-day, he as carefully nourished the tree he found in front of his new dwelling, and the rule became of so general observance in this great city, that the man who refused to look after the tree he found in front of his house, was pointed out as a bad citizen—just contemplate the result! Streets with rows, on either side, of trees—the pleasant foliage in the sultry summer to woo the lazy breeze, and to remind the wearied and worn, where all else was art, of the beauty of nature and the beneficence of God!

Our little friend, the moment she began to move, herself, found plenty of people to help her on. They said she was never born to be a servant, and now that she began to feel the strength which comes from exercise, she thought so herself. She was very skilful with the needle, and she chose the business of a hat trimmer. In a few months she acquired a complete knowledge of the trade, and ever since has earned a good living by it. She is one of the few who make their six dollars a week, and who are happy in the receipt of fair wages for honest labor.

We sometimes hear of successful politicians, and their biographers exultingly tell us that they rose by their own unaided exertions, from the lowliest rank to the station they occupy—but can any one of these successful great men, looking down from the summit of the eminence they have climbed to, and glorying, as men well may, in fame and position, self-achieved, can any one of these regard the trial and the triumph of their lives with the same feelings of pride and satisfaction which must fill the bosom of the subject of this sketch? She was the child of chance and of shame—ignorant, uncared for—a beggar from her infancy; only the vilest associations were the teachers of her childhood; abased, degraded, unable even to read, the little sweeper of the crossings began patiently to work out her own redemption, and is now, after four years of struggle, strong in self-reliance, intelligent and useful. The humble farmer's son who after years of effort is recognised as a legislator and a statesman, has not in his whole life bridged a chasm so wide as that which she has passed over, in these four short years—the chasm which lies between the hopelessness and wretchedness of street begging, and the comparative independence of a HAT TRIMMER.



THE GOLD LEAF PACKER.

The gold-leaf manufacture gives employment to a very large number of young ladies, who, we believe, are tolerably well paid for their services. There is no nation on the face of the earth that consumes more gold-leaf than this great and glorious nation. No where can you turn your eyes without coming in contact with gold-leaf. Why, is it not used by our exquisites to tip their cigars with? We are very fond of the precious metal in every and any shape—solid as in the eagle, or as beaten out in the leaf, or in its natural state as our boys are picking it up in California.

The fair gold-leaf packers we hear very well spoken of. Indeed the only whisper that ever reached our ears to their discredit amounted to nothing more than that from the very nature of their business, they must be mercenary. It is not improbable—but we will not hastily admit even this against the gold-leaf packers. Perhaps from continually handling the root of all evil, after it has been thoroughly “beaten,” they may imbibe a contempt for the shining dross. It is just as

likely as the other way, as the learned and Rev. Mr. Snipe says when he only wishes to insinuate that a theological point, which he refuses to accept, isn't any great shakes.

The original of our picture is interested to a considerable extent in the gold business. Her mother is the widow of a gold-beater—the good woman and her daughter are gold-packers, two sons and the sweet-heart of our heroine are in California, gold washing, and a fourth cousin on the mother's side is more than suspected to be a gold-sweater. Add to this, that an uncle is in the gold-pill business, and you will be ready to admit that the family are to a considerable extent interested in the news from California.

The young lady expects that her lover and brothers will return from El Dorado with carpet-bags well filled with gold. She works at the gold-leaf all day, and thinks of California; she dreams of gold and California all night. Some of her friends are alarmed lest she should turn yellow in the face. The last time our artist went to see her—she told him of a singular vision she had had the night be-

THE GOLD LEAF PACKER

fore. She was in a little boat all alone on the great bay of New York. The entire surface of the bay, was covered with gold-leaf of treble the thickness of the article she had been accustomed to pack. She was told to turn to and lay in the leaf, as it was all her own property. She set to work cutting broad sheets and laying them one on another in the boat. After laboring for an hour or more, she looked around and was surprised to find that as fast as she cut out the gold, new sheets took their place—the golden surface of the bay was unbroken, as when she first saw it.

She looked into the boat, but the gold she had accumulated was *gone*. Again she set to work, and again, but with the same results. The gold vanished as fast as she gathered it in, and all the time the bay shone with the precious sheet that, unbroken, covered its surface. What the dream signified we leave our readers to speculate upon. Meantime our heroine with as much contentment as she can possess her soul with, continues to perform the duties of a GOLD-LEAF PACKER.



THE BAZAAR TENDER.

More than one earnest effort has been made to induce young men to vacate their places behind the counters of our retail shops, in favor of females—to gracefully and gallantly yield a feminine pursuit to the feminines. But the counter, and the yard-stick, and the lady customers have their attractions for our nice young men—and perhaps it is true, too, that the ladies like better to do “their shopping” where good-looking gentlemen, all slicked up and perfumed, are in attendance, than among their own sex. However this may be, and whatever the cause, the shops are crowded with pale, languishing young men, and, as a necessary consequence, the garrets of the city tenanted by young women, working out their lives, eating scantily of good food, breathing scantily of pure air, and partaking scantily of exercise in the open country, without which the system rapidly yields to decay. We confess we do not like the present state of things—we should like better to see the women do the *light* business, and the men the *heavy*, in the business drama. But there is a promise that all things will

come right in good time; and we see already in the particular necessity alluded to above, of opening new employments to the gentler sex, a very cheering beginning.

There is in Broadway—No. 333, corner of Leonard st., a large store, which has been appropriately christened “THE NEW YORK BAZAAR.” It is stocked with every variety of fancy goods, jewelry, paintings, engravings; and instead of long counters, the ample space is occupied by tables, each one of which is under the direction of a young lady. The Bazaar employs not less than ten, and in the very busy season, a greater number of females, whose presence lends a grace and charm, and invests with a new interest the business of buying and selling. The Bazaar is an agreeable lounge for an idle hour, to those who can appreciate good paintings. The collection is large, and embraces many of the old masters. But the scene is most exciting, when there are groups around each table—selecting articles and pricing them; or at the wheel of fortune, where one is always sure of winning his money’s worth, with a fair chance of

THE BAAZAR TENDER.

carrying off a useful or ornamental article. worth much more. Now if the Bazaars could be multiplied, could be conducted as unexceptionably as the one we have noticed, there would be a new department of industry opened to young ladies, who are compelled to work for their bread. We commend the suggestion to our readers, and proceed to give, in her own words, a sketch of the life of the Bazaar Tender, who has kindly permitted us to present her portrait to the public, and who gracefully and happily, performs the duties of a clerk at the New York Bazaar:—

There is nothing romantic or startling in my history. I am a native of this city—nurtured in comfort, approaching affluence, until that insidious disease consumption, deprived me of a father, whose affection was my sole inheritance. Being the eldest of a large family and my education nearly finished; the friends of our family advised my mother and myself to invest the few hundred dollars which was all a lingering disease, expensive doctor's bills, and a large family had left us, in fitting up a school-room, and promised us their own children to commence with. Our circulars were printed, with terms as low, and inducements as great, as any rival establishment, but our numbers increased but slowly, expenses were accumulating, and finally we were compelled to sell the fixtures, and save the rent, of our almost desolate school-room. So far the advice of our friends was good, but we began to feel that advice alone would not support us, and as I had often exercised my mechanical ingenuity in the art of dress making, in our own family, I determined to extend my practice in that sphere, accordingly I entered one of the most fashionable establishments for a short time, as a favor, to acquire a style of finish which would enable me to secure the patronage of the aristocracy of our city. I had now no capital; and could not of course rent and furnish fashionable

rooms in Broadway, my only choice was to work at a dress making establishment at \$3 per week, (or in busy times \$3 50 or \$4,) or to work at the houses of my customers at six shillings per day. Having good reference, and being a quick and stylish or finished dress maker, I had no difficulty in finding employment; indeed I had too much. I worked 12 hours each day at the houses of my employers, and sometimes an hour or two more to finish a dress without extra pay, for I could not ask it, and then, after a long cold walk on a winter's night I have often sat with my mother sewing until 1 or 2 o'clock, with the same busy work before me for the next, and the next, twenty-four hours. Thus I passed the winter of 1847 and 1848 until the coldest day of the season, which found me in a gentle abode up-town, almost chilled to death. The sitting room was large and warmed only by a grate, which was surrounded by the family, while I sat sewing and shivering, near a window at the end of the room, until 8 o'clock, when, sick and feverish, I sought my far off home. An attack of pleurisy and inflammation of the lungs followed, which confined me to my bed for a long time, and had every appearance of terminating in consumption. But I have finally recovered, and found more agreeable and less laborious employment.

I am a Bazaar girl, and preside at a fortune-table, but not a gambling table, for there are no blanks, and each article is worth the price charged for turning the arrow. Some persons say I am pretty, but my glass tells a less flattering tale; still I am young, happy and contented, with some knowledge of the world, which I intend to make use of in the great lottery of a woman's life. Wealth and
 • with an American lady's only title of
 • ife, have certainly more than once
 • sposal—but—I never was in



THE CHAIR PAINTER.

It is a brief story, but a romantic one, which we have to tell. The grandfather of the original of the above picture, the chair-painter, held and occupied, by hereditary right and lineal descent, a seat in the British House of Peers. He was a tolerably "good old English gentleman," who lived on his estates, boasted of his blood, and swore at every county agricultural dinner, that the peerage was not only the foundation, but the keystone of the British Constitution—*Magna Charta*, that wonderful instrument that every cockney swears by in his cups, but which nobody ever saw.

The nobleman had in his gardens a young Irishman, as buoyant and as reckless as young Irishmen are generally reputed to be. He was a good-looking fellow, always singing at his work, and somehow or other, when the "quality" came into his part of the grounds, especially the female quality, he couldn't open his mouth, but a compliment, as natural as the flowers he cultivated, would escape from it. It was his bad luck, he used to say,

to be always saying pretty things to the ladies.

The mother of our heroine, then a sweet, romantic creature of fifteen, took it into her head that of all the under gardeners on her father's grounds, young Tim produced the greatest variety of most beautiful flowers. It was not strange, then, that she should visit Tim's beautiful beds the oftenest; not strange that she should like Tim's bouquets the best; and not at all strange, considering that Tim was an Irishman, that Tim should be mightily well pleased, with the sweet young girl's partiality for his nosegays. From flowers, they gradually came to the language of flowers. No Irishman needs a book to make progress in that language, if a young, rustling petticoat be his prompter. Tim neglected his flower beds, but his young lady never noticed the neglect. They were just as beautiful as ever, nay, more beautiful than ever, in her eyes. Tim was not such a fool as not to see that the young creature was in love with him, and Tim knew enough of his own heart

THE CHAIR PAINTER.

to be able to take a Bible oath that he had never a bit of heart at all—barrin that that the young lady had in her possession belonging to him. "As for the matter of gentle-blood," said Tim to himself, "I belong to one of the oldest families in the world. I am descended diametrically in a straight line from Cush the son of Ham—there's the blood of a hundred and seventy-five kings in my veins, and Irish kings at that."

These scruples over, Tim and the lady Angelina went off one fine morning, before his "four-o'clocks" had opened; and the next that my lord heard of his under-gardener, was by the post and through a letter, which begun with—"Dear and noble father-in-law," and ended with—"Your dutiful son-in-law to command—Tim Murphy." The noble father-in-law sent his curse, and sundry yellow pieces of coin, to his runaway daughter, and told her to get out of the country as soon as she could, and take her vagabond husband with her. Thus exiled, the young pair came to the United States. But Tim took to drinking, and when he got drunk, he had a curious fancy, some may say brutal, of calling in the neighbors and introducing them to his wife, Lady Angelina Murphy,—and then, to show what liberties he, Tim Murphy, could take with the daughter of a British Peer, he would beat her. Poor thing! the

cup of romance she had lifted to her lips was more than half full of bitter dregs, and she was compelled to drink it to the bottom. Tim set up as a milkman on Long Island, and the Lady Angelina was at the head of a very flourishing dairy. She toiled hard enough, but Tim would get at the whiekey bottle. So every thing went wrong with them. Every year the Lady Angelina added to her cares in the shape of a baby, and every birth was made the occasion of, or excuse for, a month's spree by Tim. At length Tim died, and the noble Lady Murphy wrote a letter to her brother, who had in the mean time succeeded to the title and estates of her father, imploring a small annuity for herself and her children. The reply was sententious:—

To Lady Angelina Murphy:—

My sister, the Lady Angelina, ceased to be so, when she became Lady Angelina Murphy.
Yours, &c.

That was enough. The Lady Angelina moved from Long Island to this city, and set up as a laundress. She has brought her children up very creditably, putting them to some good trade, the moment they became old enough to work for themselves. The oldest of the family is the original of to-day's picture—a niece of the proud and wealthy Earl of——, and a—CHAIR-PAINTER.



THE BUTTON MAKER.

Our Button-Maker (or Button-Coverer,) learned her trade when she was a mere child. Her father was a tailor, a very poor man, whose family consisted of a wife and four daughters. The wife was a plain, devoted, faithful body, and sat all the day long sewing by the side of her husband. The girls were taught to help their parents as soon as they were old enough, and the one who is the subject of this sketch, was shown how to cover the bone or metal mould with cloth or silk, and soon became very expert in the business. Albeit, every member of the family was industrious, the tailor made but little money, and continued poor.

One day a flashily dressed young man presented himself in the little shop.

"Is Mr. Carpenter in?" the stranger asked.

"That's my name," said the tailor.

"Very well, Mr. Carpenter, my employer Mr. Jones, the broker, desired me to call and enquire the numbers of the ticket you bought in the Maryland Monumental Lottery."

"Did you buy a lottery ticket, husband?" said the wife, in a tone of quiet rebuke.

"Father, have you bought a lottery ticket?" cried the children.

The tailor pulled out a greasy old wallet, from which he took a little piece of thin red and white paper.

"The numbers are 5, 9, 27," said the tailor, addressing the clerk.

"That ticket is worth, the discount off, eleven thousand, four hundred and fifteen dollars and ninety-two cents, and Mr. Jones will be happy to cash it for you," the clerk said, bowing politely and quitting the shop.

There was no more work done by the tailor's family that day. Carpenter went out and obtained the money for the ticket, and when he returned the wife and daughters gathered round him and looked with curiosity and amazement at the thick one hundred dollar city bank notes.

The tailor's first impulse was to celebrate his good fortune by getting gloriously drunk. But his wife quietly interposed an objection.

THE BUTTON MAKER

"I am told," she remarked, "that money drawn in a lottery seldom lasts long. There is enough there, husband, to make us happy for life."

"And there shall be five times that amount, wife," exclaimed the tailor.

A new passion was suddenly born within his bosom. A tenth of the sum he had drawn, would, the day before, have made him supremely happy; now the whole only whetted his appetite for more.

The tailor sold his little stock in trade, quitted the shop-board for ever, and moved with his family over to Long Island, near Jamaica, where, for six thousand dollars, he bought twelve acres of land, upon which was a plain comfortable house. He was a shrewd, though ignorant man, and with the remaining five thousand dollars he began to speculate.

Two years later began that reckless system of overtrading and speculation which terminated in almost general bankruptcy in 1837. Our tailor suddenly found himself a great man. The half of a township in Maine, for which he paid four thousand dollars, he sold for thirty-five thousand and pocketed the cash. His twelve acres near Jamaica were found to be the centre of a space which "nature evidently intended as the site of a great city." He sold out for fifty thousand dollars. An India rubber company which he established, failed in three years, an utter loss to the stockholders, but it was ascertained that our tailor had not owned a share for more than a year. He sold out in time, with a clear profit of a little rising ninety thousand dollars. Every scheme which he originated, or was concerned in, fell through, but he was a gainer by all. Finally, when the bubble burst, in 1837, and two-thirds of the business community were ruined, while the industry of the whole country was struck with paralysis—our tailor was a *millionaire*. When English sovereigns were worth 14 per cent. premium, and bills of exchange on London as much or more, the papers announced the departure for Europe, in the packet ship *St. James*, of Samuel Carpenter, Esquire, lady, four Miss Carpenters, and three servants.

How long our tailor-millionaire and his family remained abroad we cannot say. But in 1844 they were the occupants of a magnificent house in University Place, and moved in the highest circles of the *ton*. The eldest Miss Carpenter had married a French count, with an ugly name and an uglier *mustache*. The second daugh-

ter was the wife of a young lawyer of distinguished family at the South. The third married a wealthy merchant of this city. A husband had been selected for the fourth, our heroine, but the young lady, unlike her sisters, had resolved to make her own election. Not that she was attached to any particular person; but she did not wish to be passed over, the "goods and chattels" of a man, whose only recommendation was an aristocratic position. Her father was enraged at the refusal of his youngest daughter to wed the man of his election. But he gave her six months to decide. Those six months she passed in retirement in the country. But her resolution remained unchanged. The ex-tailor was in a terrible passion. He told his daughter that the gentleman who was anxious to call her wife, would not wait any longer. She replied that he was wise, since he would gain nothing by waiting. The tailor entreated and expostulated, like a tailor; then he swore and threatened like a *millionaire*, but all would not do. The daughter's firmness increased with the father's wrath, and the interview terminated in the most unpleasant manner. Our aristocratic knight of the shears told his daughter to quit his house and never see him again.

There was no alternative, and our young miss sunk as rapidly as her father had risen. She quickly brushed up her knowledge of the art, which she acquired in her childhood, and found little difficulty in getting work. Her sisters declare that she has disgraced her family, and refuse to acknowledge her. Poor Mrs. Carpenter would like to put her arms around her youngest child and embrace her, but Mr. Carpenter has expressly forbidden any member of his household to speak to, or of, the banished one. He lives in a palace, she in a garret. He is uneasy with the weight of his own greatness; she is quite content that she has none to bear. We think, however, that the ex-tailor will relent and call her home; not that he is disposed to forgive her, but she has recently got to writing verses for Morris & Willis' *Journal*, and Willis declares that he must tell the world who the author of the sweet verses is. Now, the old man would be pleased with a dainty notice of his daughter's genius from Willis, provided the wealth and rank of her father were announced in the same connection—but he is afraid that it should come out that the young lady is his daughter and a **BUTTON MAKER**.



THE BOOK SEWER.

A good book-sewer may pay three dollars a week for her board, fifty cents to her washwoman, and have a hundred dollars a year for clothes. That is she can earn from five to five dollars and a half a week by her labor. Our book-sewer, whose portrait above is submitted to the inspection of the reader, does not make less than five dollars, of which she spends not more than three. She is an extraordinary specimen of womankind—an old maid, with a vague, ill-defined dread of men—she has sewn the backs of books, attended regularly to her class in Sabbath school, and lived alone for these thirty years. She says she is forty-five years of age, but we suspect that in this matter she has made a mistake in her own favor of five years—for she let slip one day that she remembered the dark day of 1806. Now as that was forty-two years ago, and as she must have been at least eight years

old to have remembered it, and as forty-two and eight, by the accepted rule of addition, make fifty—it follows that our book-sewer is half a century old, her own opinion to the contrary notwithstanding. Fifty years is a long time to live alone in this world, especially when thirty of these years have been passed in sewing books and dry-nursing a class of Sabbath school children,—and we suspect that our old maid, despite her dread of men—a dread which comes of the purest ignorance and simplicity—would not unwillingly listen to the voice of the syren, if it came from between the lips of a discreet man of her own faith and persuasion, and ten years older than herself. Don't wrong this patient, plodding old maid by fancying that she would marry a young man. She would not do any such a thing. She wants no flaming torch at the altar, which would but

THE BOOK SEWER.

trouble her eyes, grown feeble with years and toil. A very little warmth, will suffice for her; the crumbs from the matrimonial table—to her what an abundant feast! She told the Rev. Mr. Dryboneshaker as much when the Rev. Mr. Dryboneshaker was a widower, just turned fifty-five. He was rather attentive to her, and used to run into Sabbath school and catechise her class, and tell them how thankful they should be for having so faithful a teacher. Who can tell what strange fancies troubled the usually placid heart of our old maid just then? Perhaps for a few minutes she forgot her duty to that interesting class; she lost sight of her little solitary room, the room in which she had hid herself for thirty years, with no companions but patience and piety; she no longer saw the book-rack to which she had stood up, or by which she had sat down, day after day for fodder. Shall we blame her, if all these she forgot, when the Rev. Dryboneshaker, stood by her side, and told her Sabbath school children, what a dear good teacher they had? O, no, we will not blame her. Religious faith and enthusiasm are wonderful sustainers, but we never looked into the Shaker establishment at Lebanon—never beheld those pallid faces, the dry, withered skin seemingly drawn tight over the bones, but the thought would painfully impress us that those cold looking people would have done much better to have paired off in their youth “according to God’s holy ordinance.” And so with our old maid, when Dryboneshaker was talking vain things, when she should have been thinking only of the spiritual pap spoon which had been given to

her for the providing of nourishment to those dear children. But our book-sewer was punished if, as we suppose, she sinned, for Dryboneshaker suddenly became interested in another class, whose teacher was quite young and very pretty, and her Dryboneshaker married just a week after the “memoir” of his last wife was published. Our old maid betrayed little feeling when she received the card of the new Mrs. Dryboneshaker. She laid it on her round table, opened a drawer, took out her Savings’ bank book, cast her eye at the footing of the account which exhibited a balance in her favor of twenty-one hundred dollars, then put it away again, smiling slightly as she did so, and went down to the Bible House and resumed her work as though nothing had happened. That smile meant something, though, could Dryboneshaker have seen and interpreted it. There was malice in it, albeit the heart of our old maid is gentle. Yes, it told something of a hope crushed, of a pleasant dream vanished. For although many years score themselves in deep lines on the forehead, and grey hairs come thickly, and the warm quick blood chills and creeps lazily through the veins, and the form stoops and the step is less firm and elastic—the heart has its yearnings still. At the worst it is but an infirmity to be young in our hearts, to love, to wish to be loved—Dryboneshaker did not do the fair thing—he disturbed the serenity of a life, he aroused a hope which was not to be gratified, he left our heroine where he found her, an old maid and a—BOOK-SEWER.



THE SHOE BINDER.

We know little of shoe-binders, the "art and mystery of shoe-binding, or what the operatives can earn each week by their labor. We believe that they are much better paid than the majority of girls engaged in other trades.

The artist has painted the portrait of one of the shoe-binding class—a young lady whose face will, it is hoped, make a favorable impression on the reader. She confesses to eighteen, but may have seen twenty years. Her father was brought up to the profession of the law. His father, a successful merchant, after educating his children in luxurious idleness, died, and by his will fairly divided his estate among them. What was an abundance for a single household, was but scanty allowance to five or six different families. The old merchant never suspected that he was educating his children falsely. It

never occurred to him, that brought up as they had been, the patrimony of each would be insufficient to sustain them in the splendor to which they had been accustomed. And allowed to grow to the estate of men and women, without a useful and strictly adhered to purpose in their lives—he did not foresee what a miserable, useless issue he was troubling society with.

There are a thousand just such foolish people in this city now—and their children, spoiled and petted, and unused to self-exertion, must inevitably join the ranks of the shabby, grumbling, helpless, poor.

The old merchant educated this son to the law. But nobody found out that his law was of any service to them. He had no clients; his habits were wasteful; what he inherited vanished in a few years, and proud as poor, he hobbled through the world, with a shab-

THE SHOE BINDER.

by expression of scorn on his brow, and sullen words on his lip, against those who, because they were the children of patient effort, had risen, while he went down.

The girl's mother died early, glad to be rid of a life which was always cloudy and troubled. Two children, the one the original of the picture, the other a boy two years younger, had a hard time of it in their infancy. They once occupied an entire house; then they were content with half a one, then three rooms sufficed—at last it was a friendly attic which received and sheltered them. The father was positively unable to provide for himself and the two children properly. How could he, with the education his youth had received? The farther they descended, the more apparent it became to the girl that she could and should help herself, and that her brother could and should contribute something to the support of the three.

When this idea firmly got a lodgment in the young girl's brain, there was a chance of going up the ladder a round or two. The girl quickly learned to bind shoes; the boy was apprenticed to a silversmith, who allowed two dollars a week for his board, and forty dollars, the first year, for his clothing. The

two dollars from the boy, and what the girl earned, made the family tolerably comfortable. The father suffered this *disgrace* to come upon his family—if the truth must be told, he was well pleased to be assured of his daily bread, and a comfortable roof over his head. There was an end to his pride by this time; and but that he is growing old, and fretfulness and anxiety have weakened his mental faculties, never strong at the best, it would doubtless occur to him—how much better it would have been, with his education and advantages, to have tried to be useful to himself and the world—seeing that his two children, without education or advantages, are to a certain extent useful to him, themselves and others—than to have wasted his substance, and allowed his youth and manhood to run to waste, and charged upon his conscience a life worse than lost, since it was a life retained in disregard of the commands of its Giver, and in utter contempt of every condition attached to the gift.

There are parents in this city, good, kind, indulgent parents they think themselves, who might profit by reading, and reflecting upon, this simple, unpretending sketch of the
—SHOE-BINDER.



THE CORSET MAKER.

We are opposed to Capital Punishment; we like not the hangman, nor the corset maker either,—professionally, we mean. We are as loath to compress women's waists as men's necks. We would as soon submit a man's knees to the horrible torture of the jack-boot, as a woman's bust to the unyielding grapple of those fashionable contrivances which are hung up in the windows of the Broadway shops, for no other purpose, it would verily seem, but to remind men continually of the suffering which angel woman endures, in order to please him.

Please him! The monster! Press in upon the heart and lungs, the walls which encompass them! literally narrow the circle of life, that the outer form may be fashioned to the eye of a corrupted taste—of a perverted and degenerate estimate of true symmetry and beauty! O ye old workers with the chisel, what availed all your labors! Call upon your statuary—the work of hands divinely guided, to fall and crush you—for know that one of

our New York *belles* would cry with shame and vexation if her waist girted the dimensions of the Venus de Medicis. A pretty ado you have made in the world, pretending to express the perfection of physical beauty, when any country girl of the exact proportions of the Venus, will force her feet into light shoes, and make her ribs lap one over the other, with that infernal contrivance we are writing of, that she may gratify her admirers and shame you—you, gifted of heaven!

O ye perverse generation of small waists, listen to us! Weary ye of the light of the sun—the pure air of heaven, is it hateful to you, that you thus shut it from your lungs! Are you interested in fashionable grave-yards, or do you seek the glory of a monument over your early graves, instead of the lasting glory of a useful life? Have you sworn a fearful oath—is it a conspiracy of the sex—to rob God's great mechanism of its native power—of its principle of action and vitality? Would you dwarf our race?

THE CORSET MAKER.

We appeal to every patriotic American woman who wears corsets, if she is not affording "aid and comfort" to our great enemy death,—if she is not as obnoxious to the charge of treason as Tom Corwin of Ohio? We are willing to submit the question to Mrs. Polk.

What avail all our sanitary regulations—the building of aqueducts and sewers, the cleansing of streets, the opening of public parks, the proper ventilation of dwellings, so long as women persist in wearing corsets and (the inevitable consequence) giving birth to weak, sickly babies? Does any one suppose that if Lady Macbeth had worn corsets, her husband would have said to her—

"—— bring forth only male children."

Be sure that he would not.

Here is a great continent to people and organize into a community of nations—a work for giants, which giants only can do. We want thews and sinews firmly knit together, not bunches of fiddle strings. We want lungs capacious enough to take in a north-wester and feel all the better for it. We want hearts big enough for the great purpose of our lives—forms erect, chests fully developed—we want **MEN**. That's the talk, women. You may think it very elegant to put on corsets,

and make your forms look like a farmer's grist bag, tied up in the middle—but if you would perform the duty of mothers—perform it well—just throw off the devilish contrivances, and comfort yourselves with plump, rosy, strong limbed babies, who will grow up fine men and make you proud at heart, when they stand around you in the full beauty of manly strength, and call you mother. How much better this, than burying infants and writing verses about early graves and God's providence, for the newspapers.

We have done our duty, in this matter and feel all the better for it. As for our corset maker, the original of the picture above—she makes a good living, by making living a curse to others of her sex. She is not to blame, poor girl—corsets are in demand, bread she must have, and she makes corsets. We do not know much about her, but we believe that she does not wear the contrivances of her fingers. She is like our physicians of the "regular academy" who never take, themselves, the medicine they so remorselessly administer to their unfortunate patients. Let our readers pray that all of her class may find a more useful, a more profitable employment; and that this may be the last sketch written of the CORSET MAKER.



THE NURSE.

Nurses are, the majority of them, *widows*; those too, who have seen better days, who have had husbands who loved and cherished them, but who died early leaving a path of thorns for their relics to tread.

How many, very many, bitter remembrances oppress the heart of the nurse, when she enters the sick man's room! She has learned her art in the school of affliction. The patient watching by the loved one's couch, the anxious solicitude, the eye and ear standing vigilant sentinel and reporting to the apprehensive heart, every change, favorable or unfavorable, that may occur! And then those long, dreary nights, too! Those lazy, lagging hours! "Will the clock never strike again?" "Ah," exclaims the troubled watcher, "it may be near the morning,—the clock may have stopped!"

In a few days, in a few weeks, or a few months, the cold finger seals the eyes of the

sufferer—the poor widow sits down at her desolate hearth, and while the great sorrow presses on her heart—she yet too painfully feels that she must set to work to earn her bread. Thence come the best of nurses. What a sad apprenticeship have they served!

Nurses earn from four to eight dollars a week. There are several classes of them.—Those who attend exclusively on male patients; those who go among their own sex, on those occasions when every pain is a joy, when that

"—second principle of life"
which the gentle Haides

"—bore within—
A fair and sinless child of sin,"

matures to birth; and those who attend on the couch of lingering sickness, in incurable disease.

(Of the original of our picture, we have little to say. She has learned the trade cold

THE NURSE.

word) by the sacrifice of her heart's best love on the altar of duty. She learned to be a nurse, by attending patiently, uncomplainingly, the bedside of her husband. In this painful duty of love, many bitter dreary years dragged along. Now the consumptive improved, and hopefully and gratefully the true wife smiled; then, with the chilling blasts he drooped—she could only weep and pray. At length the angel of mercy, in the rude, rough guise of death, shadowed with his

wings the sufferer. It was but a brief struggle—the chest heaved, there was a strong effort to draw in and exhale the vital air—a slight convulsion in the throat—and the “dust returned to dust.” That which had dignified it went back to the great Source, and re-incorporated itself with Life.

The widow put on her weeds; she gathered around her her little fatherless ones; she felt that she was a mother, and she became a NURSE.



THE SHIRT-MAKER.

The sufferings of the distressed needlewomen have obtained an infamous notoriety. They are a scandal to our age, and a reproach to our boasted civilization. Says a writer in the *Westminster Review* for the January quarter:—

“Human misery has at last found tongues and pens to make itself heard and felt. It appeals to our feelings and our understandings, to our sympathies and our fears. Its wails melt us to pity, its ravings terrify us, its sores sicken us. It will no longer hide itself. We must either remove it, or submit to have it constantly exposed to our gaze in all its horrid deformity.”

“Hitherto the comfortable classes have virtually answered the bitter complaints of the uncomfortable classes in some such terms as these: ‘Poor people! we are very sorry for your sufferings—we really feel for you—take this trifle—it will be some relief. We

wish we could do more;—and now pray be quiet—don’t distress us with your writhings and agonies—resign yourselves to the will of Providence, and bear hunger and cold in peace and seclusion;—above all attempt no violence, or we must use violence to keep you quiet.’”

“The answer of the uncomfortable classes to such admonitions, day by day becoming more unmistakable, is—‘Relieve us, relieve us! Make us comfortable, or show us how we may make ourselves comfortable; otherwise we must make you uncomfortable. We will be comfortable or uncomfortable together.’”

The above is written in and for England, where labor has become well nigh desperate, no longer begging, but demanding relief; no longer abjectly crouching, but assuming a position which threatens the established order of things in the very heart and centre of

THE SHIRT-MAKER.

the British empire. The cry there is, not for social and political equality, but for work and bread! And this cry must be heeded. It is not in the power of the strongest government on the face of the earth, to resist the assault of millions of fellow-beings, made reckless and desperate for want of the wherewithal to sustain life.

But we need not cross the Atlantic to find objects for our sympathy, or occasion for an outpouring of our indignation. Here, in our own metropolis, the needle-women are as much oppressed as in the metropolis of England. Here the poor sewers are as illy paid for unremitting toil as there; are as thinly clad, as scantily fed. Pale faces, sunken cheeks, and eyes which wear but one expression—an expression of patient endurance, redeemed by not one ray of hope—are to be met with daily in our streets. There is not a sadder face than that which looks forth from this day's sheet—and there could not be a truer picture of the misery which competition and cupidity have visited on thousands of helpless girls in our midst, each one of whom may claim to be the original of the portrait of the *Shirt-Maker*. Familiar as most of our readers are with Hood's immortal lines, we re-produce them, satisfied that no pen can tell the story of the sufferings of the needle-women, as his has done in the

SONG OF THE SHIRT.

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Flying her needle and thread
Stitch—stitch—stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt;
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch
She sang the "Song of the Shirt!"

"Work—work—work!
While the cock is crowing aloof!
And work—work—work!
Till the stars shine through the roof!
It's O! to be a slave,
Along with the barbarous Turk,
Where woman has never a soul to save
If this is Christian work!"

"Work—work—work!
Till the brain begins to swim;
Work—work—work!
Till the eyes are heavy and dim!
Seam, and gusset, and band,

Band, and gusset, and seam,
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
And sew them on in a dream!

"O! men, with sisters dear!
O! men, with mothers and wives,
It is not linen you're wearing out!
But human creature's lives!
Stitch—stitch—stitch!
In poverty, hunger and dirt;
Sewing at once, with a double thread,
A shroud as well as a shirt.

But why do I talk of death?
That phantom of grisly bone;
I hardly fear his terrible shape,
It seems so like my own.

It seems so like my own,
Because of the fasts I keep,
"Oh, God! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap!"

Work—work—work!
My labor never flags;
And what are its wages? A bed of straw,
A crust of bread and rag,
That shatter'd roof—and this naked floor—
A table—a broken chair;
And a wall so dank, my shadow I thank
For sometimes falling there!

"Work—work—work!
In the dull December light,
Work—work—work—
As prisoners work for crime!
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Till the heart is sick, and the brain benumb'd
As well as the weary hand.

"Work—work—work!
In the dull December light,
And work—work—work,
When the weather is warm and bright—
While underneath the eaves
The brooding swallows cling,
As if to show me their sunny backs,
And twit me with the spring.

"Oh! but to breathe the breath
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet—
With the sky above my head,
And the grass beneath my feet,
For only one short hour
To feel as I used to feel,
Before I knew the woes of want
And the walk that costs a meal!"

"Oh! but for one short hour!
A respite however brief!
No blessed leisure for love or hope,
But only time for grief!
A little weeping would ease my heart,
But in their briny bed
My tears must stop, for every drop
Hinders needle and thread."

"With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat in unwomanly rags,
Flying her needle and thread—
Stitch—stitch—stitch!
In poverty, hunger and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch,
Would that its tone could reach the rich,
She sang this "Song of the Shirt!"



THE PRESS FEEDER.

Be kind enough to look at the picture.

There's a position for a young lady who has been tolerably well brought up, and who can dance her share of the polka with the best and proudest of her sex!

You see the attitude of eager attention—the form slightly inclining forward, one foot a little advanced, the eye intently bent on the sheet which, the one hand carefully guiding, and the wheel (you see only part of it—the press is an old fashioned Napier) revolving fast enough to set most young maids' wits in a corresponding whirl!

The young lady is a press-feeder:—an occupation unknown to her sex for centuries after it was conceded by the church that Faust was not the devil—she earns her bread and cheese, clothes and lodging, by guiding the white, unsullied sheet into the complex mechanism, whence it issues legible with the emotions of the human brain.

Press work is not now the work of brawny arms alone. An ignorant, unthinking man is told to build a fire. In a few minutes another man, (the foreman) just as little capable

of thinking, perhaps, and just as little inclined, enters; then two dirty little imps, whom humanity recognizes as boys, and then two girls—and at a signal the work begins. The fire has generated steam, the steam sets in motion the machinery, and lo! there issues that which moves human passions as the inspired One moved the sea, or calms them as he calmed the troubled waters! And yet all the while, those we speak of, the instruments of a power they do not comprehend, are unconscious of the influence of the work they help to perform!

Our press-feeder is in a blessed state of ignorance of what she is doing. Not the mechanical work itself, but the result of it. It may be a firebrand that she is unconsciously throwing into a magazine—an anti-slavery pamphlet intended for circulation among the slaves of the south and calling upon them to rise and cut their owners' throats: or it may be the vigorous whack of some sturdy doctor of divinity on the skulls of obstinate heretics; or perchance a life of Gen. Cass, written by his political opponents, for "gratuitous cir

THE PRESS FEEDER.

culatation," or a collection of Mr. Van Buren's old letters and speeches as a check-mate to the Utica move, or—but whatever it may be, the press-feeder knows as little as she cares. Her interest in this wonderful machine is confined to the weekly stipend she receives for feeding it.

We said that she had been tolerably well brought up and could dance the polka. Her father commenced life—business life we mean—in a corner grocery, where, by giving a dime and two cents for a shilling, a half dime and a penny for sixpence, softening the fiery nature of his liquor by an occasional dash of pure spring water, and sarding very slightly his sugar—he succeeded in the course of fifteen years in accumulating as many thousand dollars, besides supporting his family, of which our heroine was the eldest, the hope and the pride. His fortune it will be seen was the result of small savings—if he had been content to let it accumulate in the same manner, the daughter would never have figured in this sketch. But as she grew up tall and pretty, it occurred to the grocer, that others who had started in life as humbly as himself, were living in the aristocratic quarters of the city, and uniting their families by marriage with families with coats-of-arms so old that nobody could tell where they came from or how they were obtained. "Why should'nt I be rich and

great?" said the grocer. Alas! from that moment the shop had no charms for him. He forgot to reduce his liquor, sold his sugar as pure as it was bought, and never thought of saving the half cent in making change. Some of his customers were brokers, and when he went to collect his quarterly bills, he tarried a moment to talk with them about "stocks." It was not very long before they discovered the weakness of the grocer, and not long after that before they entirely "cleaned him out." Our ruined grocer did not take to drinking, nor did he brace himself up with that true courage and manliness which we sometimes see in very old men who seem not a whit dismayed by the adverses of the past, but resolutely "begin the world again." No, our grocer simply cut his throat, leaving a widow and seven children, as the papers pathetically announced "to mourn his irreparable loss."

And so our heroine's dreams of wealth and greatness faded, and she was obliged to earn her own bread, as her aristocratic ancestor Adam was commanded to do, by the sweat of her brow.

If the grocer, ner father, had been content in his grocery—but regrets are useless. The moral must impress itself on the reader, as doubtless it has upon our heroine the **PRESS-FEEDER.**



THE BAR-MAID.

Not many years since, it was suggested to a poor widow, with four helpless children, that she should open a little bar-room. The really well-meaning but short-sighted friend who proposed this business, added—

“No doubt you will make a good living by the business—all your husband’s old friends will drop in to see you occasionally, and Grace (the eldest child) is getting to be a very fascinating girl, and she will attract the young men of the town, who like to drink a glass prepared by a pretty *bar-maid*.”

The widow sighed.

“I did not think,” she murmured, “when Grace lay a baby in the cradle, and we were so fond and so proud of her, that she would be obliged to stand behind a bar, and listen to the rude ribaldry of young, reckless, bacchanalians.”

The widow had been well and carefully brought up—used, indeed, in the latter years

of her married life, to the cloud and the shadow, but yet nursing a little sunshine in her heart all the while, and enduring patiently trial and trouble, so that she might pay to her own children the debt she owed to her careful, watchful, conscientious parents. That debt the poor, brave widow paid in full. Grace was indeed beautiful, and her mother, rejecting the advice of the friend, who wished her to open a bar-room, put up a little sign on the door of her humble dwelling, which informed the passer-by that within was a woman who would be glad to do washing and ironing, or go out to day’s work, or make carpets, or attend as a nurse.

The widow and the four fatherless little ones had a hard enough time of it for six months, and those months the most inolement of the year. More than once there was no fire on the hearth, no bread in the closet, and more than once the meek, patient eyes of

THE BAR-MAID.

the widow shrunk before the hard, angry glance of the landlord, who came for the rent she could not pay. All this time the four children, Grace leading them, went daily to the public school—oftentimes with but a scanty morsel of bread for their breakfast, (God knows how the mother's heart bled when she sent them forth hungry to school,) but always with bright, clean, cheerful faces, which was the one ray of sunshine to warm the lone woman's heart.

One day, when the widow was entirely destitute of food, and the family had eaten nothing for twelve hours, little George, the second child, came bounding in, calling out at the top of his voice, "Mamma, Grace, Tilly and Lue—look here, see what Georgie has brought home," and the little gentleman laid down on the table four sixpenny loaves, and took from his arm a basket containing a peck of coal. Kissing his mother, and tossing the youngest child in his arms, he continued, "You know, mamma, the rich gentleman, who lives in the big house on the corner—they say he is nearly blind with the *cat's* *racts* on his eyes. Well, I was playing there, with some boys, throwing ice and snow at each other, when I threw a piece into one of those big windows in the gentleman's house, breaking a glass all to pieces. The boys run away, but I felt, mamma, as though you would be ashamed of me, if I ran like a thief and coward, and I stood still. The door of the gentleman's house opened, and a black man stepped out, and seeing me, said, 'Who broke the glass?' 'I broke it,' said I, trying to speak up loud, mamma, although I was nearly choked with fright. As I spoke the gentleman appeared behind the servant. 'Come here, boy,' said the gentleman—'so you broke the glass, did you?' 'Yes, sir, but I didn't mean to,' said I. 'And why didn't you scamper away, as your playfellows did,' he asked. 'Because, sir, I didn't mean to break the glass, and if I had run away, you would have thought I did.' The gentleman pressed his face to mine, and his eyes seemed to smile as yours do, mamma, when you have nothing else to give us but kisses. He told me I was a good boy, and he was glad that I had broken his window. Then he took me into the

house, and told the black man to bring some cake. There was a great big dish full, and he told me to eat as much as I wanted. I thought of you and Grace, and Tilly and Lue, and I said, if he pleased, I would take as much cake as he would give me home. The gentleman's eyes looked bright again, and he asked me where I lived, and who my parents were. He made me tell all about you, mamma; and Grace and Lue, and baby Tilly, and at last he made me confess that we were all very hungry and very cold, and had had nothing to eat since yesterday. There was a large tear gathered in his eye, and rolled slowly down his face. 'You are a noble little fellow,' said the gentleman, 'and here is a half a dollar for you; that will buy you bread and coal enough for to-night, and tomorrow you shall come and see me again, won't you?' I caught the half dollar, and forgot even to thank him, mamma, for I wanted to see Tilly eat the bread, and open her little hands to the bright warm fire."

The widow's reward came at last. Through the influence of the gentleman, who made little George's acquaintance so singularly, she obtained employment as a nurse in wealthy families, and now she rarely has a day's leisure. George is a trusted and worthy clerk in a large bookselling house—the two younger children are at school—and Grace, very beautiful, but not more beautiful than good—promises to arrive at eminence in the profession she has chosen—that of an artist. Her pictures in oil and water colors, already beautify the walls of many an elegant mansion.

The picture which introduces this sketch, represents a saloon, where strong drinks are dealt out by fair hands. There are numbers of such places in the city, and many of them are decorously conducted. But we are sure that not a single reader of this hasty sketch regrets the poor widow's resolution *not* to open "a bar-room, where her late husband's friends would drop in occasionally;" and we are equally certain that every reader rejoices that our fair and gentle and gifted Grace has escaped the trials and perils and temptations which make up the life of the—BAR-MAID.



THE WOOL PICKER.

Little of romance is there in the life of the wool-picker, but not a little to excite interest and sympathy. You have seen, reader, in your walks through the streets, women with immense bundles on their heads, cleverly balanced and sustained by both arms upraised. Beneath these weighty burdens the wool-picker staggers from the storehouse to her wretched home, and there laboriously unravels the cords and packs, and then returns to receive her scanty pay. They are principally old women engaged in this business, and of a class generally speaking not far removed from the lowest—widows of common day laborers, and foreigners, who fancied when they crossed the ocean that money was to be had for the trouble of picking it up in the streets. Occasionally a woman of better class is reduced to this laborious and scantily paid labor. We have known a man of fine genius and good education compelled to wash bottles for a livelihood, earning two and sixpence a day; and the original of to-day's picture by slow degrees descended from a comparatively high estate, through every grade of toil, until at last she is necessitated to pick wool and thereby earn her daily bread. A small loaf indeed is the result of each

day's effort. And yet this same woman, forty years ago, was the *belle* of a village not far from Brooklyn in King's county. The daughter, the only child of a wealthy father—she inherited his wealth, and after troubling the hearts of four score gallants, made what was then thought to be a splendid alliance. She married a young lawyer of this city, the handsomest fellow of his day, it was said. But as years crept on, she found that she had trusted her treasures of love and of wealth to one unworthy of either. The wife's property rapidly wasted until all was gone; the reckless spendthrift and disloyal husband soon followed, leaving a widow helpless and penniless, to provide for six young children. From that day to this, her life has been one of mortification and sorrow. Child after child grew to the estate of manhood and womanhood, but to disgrace both, and inflict fresh pangs on the mother's heart. A daughter stepped aside from the humble but honest path which the mother had trod, flouted for a brief period in splendid shame, and ended unpitied by all save that stricken mother, who clung to her misguided child to the last. Two sons, spurning the honest pursuits of industry, lived for a little while by plunder,

THE WOOL PICKER.

and died within the walls of a prison. A third son was a drunkard, and speedily passed away. The two remaining children, a brother and sister, emigrated to the West. The sister married a gamester, and shared his fate. The brother, whether innocent or guilty, was tried by a mob for horse-stealing, and swung from a branch of the nearest tree.

And, a new generation having grown up, or the few who yet live, who once knew her, having forgotten her, the poor widow, the

childless one, at sixty years of age, and bent beneath the weight of many sorrows, is compelled to exert the little strength which yet remains, to obtain her bread. What terrible vicissitudes are crowded into the sixty years of her life! The beautiful, the courted, the caressed girl of forty years ago, now helpless, sorrowing, uncared for, a stranger in the great city! The proud, joyous heiress, when the century came in, now a—WOOL-PICKER!



THE FRUIT VENDER.

It is a rule among respectable, itinerating apple-women and fruit-girls, not to interfere with each other's business. There is no regular organization, nor any written rules; but the unwritten law, or what may be called the common law of regularly established apple-women, is this: If an outsider enter on the route of an apple-woman, she shall be kindly remonstrated with by the party injured; if she persist, she shall be warned by the three apple-women whose routes lie nearest to that broken in upon; if she repent not after the second warning, she shall be deemed an outlaw, and let loose to the fury of every apple-woman who may encounter her.

This office has been supplied with fruit, candy and nuts, for the last three years, by a most estimable lady, whose route takes in Fulton street, from the ferry to Broadway,

thence along Nassau street as far as Spruce, down Spruce to Gold, up Gold to Beekman, and so down to the East River.

Six months ago an outsider entered the office with two large baskets, which contained a most tempting variety of fruit and sweet-ants. She seemed to know that, in entering into competition with an established concern, she must have as good, if not a better stock, and sell as cheap as the person whose customers she was trying to get away. In this, the woman evinced sound sense and business tact, and we have no doubt she would have been rewarded with success, but for the stringent rules and regulations already quoted. Surely it is better to sell a finer apple at the same price, than to attempt to pass off a prematurely withered, unripe, sour and unhealthy thing, at the price of good fruit, by abusing the honest vender already in the

THE FRUIT VENDER.

field, and whose business and profits the intruder covets. We commend the wisdom of the apple-woman to great numbers of people, and we will reduce it to a maxim, which we advise them to paste into their catechism and often con. If you have a load of apples, and enter a market already well supplied, your only chance of success lays in the quality of your stock. If your apples are larger, handsomer, and of finer flavor than any in the market, depend upon it they will not lack customers. If they are not, depend upon it, that for all your abuse of the old dealers, you and your poor apples will rot together. That's an opinion as is an opinion, and we charge nothing for it.

But to return to the "outsider," who broke into the route of our regular apple woman. She managed to slip through a good part of the route with considerable success, for a few days, when the regular, getting a hint of the intrusion, left her baskets at home and lay in wait at the corners. At length the two met, the regular looking resolute and stern, the outsider, as demure as an old cat, just from the cream pitcher. The

contest was commenced by the regular, with a well directed question.

'Ye hav'nt been long in these parts?'

'Thru for you, Ma'am, it's not long I've been in the counthry.'

'Don't I know that saing that you've not larned the laws, or you would'nt be breaking them? Shame on ye, and may the Lord forgive you.'

"Is it the laws I've been breaking, in trying to get a dacent living by selling the apples."

"Sure and is'nt it that same thing I'm maning. Don't you know that it is breaking the laws to be selling apples on my ground, and taking the bread from the childer's mouth. Ain't I the regular apple woman here, and isn't it yourself has thried to break up my business? But I've warned you to be off, and the quicker you go the betther. Ask any dacent lawyer, an' he'll give you the law."

The regular then disappeared, and as we have since seen nothing of the outsider, we suppose, that on enquiry, she deemed it prudent to cut her stick, and interfere no farther with the traffic of the regular Fruit Vender.



THE MARKET-WOMAN.

Take the female hucksters from our markets, and it would be like taking sky, water and foliage from a landscape. There would be no sport in walking through the markets of a pleasant spring morning, if the old-market women, (the Lord bless their benevolent old faces,) were not there. Our New York butchers are a fine looking set of men, and well become their clean white frocks and sleeves; there is character in the butcher boys, and the butchers' dogs—but what would the vegetable department be without the market-women? Those nice, cleanly, good-humored, kindly-spoken, old ladies, sitting among the radishes, cauliflowers, cabbages, tomatoes, &c—the almoners, as it were, of the beneficence of the soil! Did you ever come in contact with a wiry-voiced, vinegar-faced market-woman? We will be sworn you never did. The whole class, from

the very nature of their business and its direct influence, must be gentle, kindly, loving and loveable. Who can carry an evil thought, or a bad passion—or carrying it, can nurse it for a moment—into a well arranged market, or "sauce" garden? The earth is teeming with life. A little seed has been dropped into the ground, the rains of heaven fall upon it, the sun shines—a few weeks pass away, and lo! there is bread for the sustenance of man! See what a mighty work, a work which you cannot analyze, the processes of which are beyond your comprehension, has been silently going on. And see, too, the purpose—*beneficence*! There is not a pea-patch, not a tomato ridge, not a potatoe hill, that does not overwhelm man with a sense of his own littleness, that does not beget in his soul a contempt for all the vile passions which the world cherishes, and

THE MARKET-WOMAN.

which make the world so full of contention, violence and wrong. All around you, is Good to rebuke the Evil that lives within you. You hate your enemy—yet the generous earth, quickening with divine love, presents the full ear of corn to the hater and the hated, alike. She knows no difference between you; she feeds and blesses you both, and preaches her gospel of universal love and kindness throughout the seasons; in the seed time and in the harvest, whether you listen or not, unbroken flows the gentle current of her teachings to man.

It is thus that we account for the serenity mildness, and benevolence, which are the distinguishing characteristics of our New

York market-women. The original of to-day's picture expresses all these virtues in her face. Isn't it full of benignity? For five-and-twenty years she has presided over that table—nearly half that time close to the fish-market, and exposed to the proverbially impure atmosphere of that locality, and yet the good old soul has maintained the integrity of her quiet character. She was among the first to subscribe for our paper, and she reads it regularly. It will do her good, we know it will, to see her face transferred to paper; and it suits us admirably, since among these sketches it was necessary to include—

THE MARKET-WOMAN.



THE CHAMBERMAID.

There are three classes of Chambermaids. There is the chambermaid of the hotel, the chambermaid of the genteel private family, and the chambermaid in the well ordered, though rather expensive, household of the well to do old bachelor.

The hotel chambermaid quietly snubs the scullions in the kitchen, and talks about low people and vulgar associations to the French cook. At which he shrugs his shoulders and says "*Oui, Mam'selle,*" and she replies, "*Jest so, Mounseer.*"

The chambermaid in the genteel private family keeps the cook at proper distance, and requests all her friends who may call upon her, to ask if Miss —, the chambermaid, is in. If there's a footman in the same establishment, the chambermaid cuts him, unless his Sunday out happens to be her Sunday out, and he resolutely keeps the aforesaid cook at a proper distance. If the chambermaid is obliged to lend a hand on washing day, she is

careful to tell the cook, that she, the chambermaid, was never brought up to do the heavy work; that she has always had the charge of her mistresses fine linens and laces. A sensible cook takes the hint, and attends to the sheets and shirts herself, gratifying her malice, by heaping her own plate with the delicate tit bits, and leaving the chambermaid to grub for herself.

But the pink of chambermaids, the pride of chambermaids, is the chambermaid of the old bachelor's establishment. No matter if he have a venerable housekeeper, who is ostensibly the head of the executive department, the power behind the throne, is greater than the throne itself—and the chambermaid is that power.

Whose ear first detects the return of the old bachelor at night, after his return from a jovial time with those roystering blades, Tom, Dick and Jack! Who does he find in his room carefully looking to the fire in the

THE CHAMBER MAID.

grate, if in winter, or to the mosquito net, if in summer! The chambermaid to be sure.

"Ah! is it you, Sally, my good girl?" exclaims the old bachelor, full of wine and good feeling, as he opens the door of his room, and his face relaxes into a smile before the smiling coals.

"Yes, sir, if you please," answers Sally, picking away at the corner of her apron, "I was afraid that the room would not be warm, and it is so cold out. Shall I take off your comforter, sir? your slippers are here at the fire. I thought you would like to have them warm."

"Good girl, good girl, and now good night, Sally. I really keep you up too late," says the old bachelor, with another kindly smile.

"Really an excellent, kind, attentive creature," he says to himself when the door has closed upon her. "Always trying to make me comfortable!"

"Such things have happened before, and why not again?" the chambermaid whispers, giving cautious utterance to her thoughts as she goes down stairs. "Really, I don't know why I should not hope!" and she takes a glance at herself in the long glass in the drawing-room, and then walks down into the kitchen, and with the slightest, the very slightest air of dignity and command, (for she wouldn't hurt the feelings of people beneath her, for the world, O bless me, no!) asks the cook if there's anything cold, for really she feels like taking a bit of something before she goes to bed.

It may be she will dream of a coach and two white horses, and see the cook, who has occasionally, perhaps, looked sour at her,

stand at the head of the kitchen stairs, and hear her say,—

"God bless you, Mrs. ———, and a happy bridal tour."

If the vision of her dreams has been thus deliciously tinted—the little chambermaid will be up betimes in the morning, and stand patiently listening at the old bachelor's door. And with the first signal from within that he is awake, how softly will she knock, and how her voice will tremble when she says,

"If you please, sir, shall I bring up the shaving water?"

And if he should reply—"Thank you, my dear, not just yet,"—how her little heart will throb, and how happy she will be the whole day thinking over her dream and repeating the words of her master—"Thank you, my dear, not just yet!"

These words had a meaning, she persuades herself. And henceforth she sleeps in gloves, and uses regularly Gouraud's famous Italian medicated soap; and how glad her eyes are to see the increasing whiteness and purity of her complexion, and how many times a day she whispers to herself—"the dream may come true."

Dream on and be happy! Were there no bright visions to invest the future with a golden atmosphere, how few who would have heart to plod the weary way on! The dream may be realized, and a lady, sitting in her own box at the opera, and telling her eldest daughter to cut, decidedly, some penniless puppy with an aristocratic name, who aspires to her favor,—may yet be the original of this portrait—THE CHAMBER MAID.



THE APPLE WOMAN.

It is not about Mayor Brady and his edict against the poor apple-women that Molly Maguire is thinking of now; though, truth to say, she took it hard, at the time, that a "mare wid an Irish name should sit his face aginst nady women, whose names were as ould as his own, and if it kem to the mather of the Bradys and Maguires, oulder and better, for the times was when the Bradys were stirrup-holders to the Maguires, though it was a long time ago, the Lord be merciful." But Molly had forgotten the wrong inflicted by the Brady, since with a new Mayor came the recognition and restoration of her right to put up her apple-stand just where she pleased, and maintain it in defiance of every meddlesome M. P.

Poor Molly! It is not a private sorrow

that shadows her brow, and plunges her into such melancholy abstraction. Forgetful of her stand, unheeding the little rogues who are stealing her fruit, her thoughts are of home—the bright, green island, where so many warm hearts and true ones are trodden down by an oppression, which robs the soil of its bounty, and leaves the poor tiller to starve.

It is a great comfort, the pipe, to Molly. But for that which she keeps a-going, while her cast down eyes detect not the juvenile apple-thieves, her heart would break. It is a poor woman, she is, but she has her tay morning and night, and maybe a drop of gin in it, when she wants it, and though the little cellar she hires is not the cleanest, there's a tight roof overhead to kape out the snow

THE APPLE WOMAN.

and rain, and never a murderin' landlord to tear it down, and turn the poor childer in the strate.

Molly feels that her's is a blessed lot compared to that of thousands, aye millions of her poor countrymen, who have suffered patiently and forbearingly so long, until now they have neither strength nor resolution to throttle the tyrant, and recover what is theirs. She's glad she came over, and if she could only keep her heart where her body is, it's a happy woman, Molly Maguire would be. But this is terrible news from home. The bloody Saxons are strong—the poor boys wake, and no praties for the winter! There's nothing that Molly can do but pull mournfully at her pipe, and allow the boys to steal her apples. Her love of country is ruinous to her little stock in trade.

But cheer up, Molly. Brighter days will come. Keep a close eye to the little stand, send the children to the public school, bring them up to love the land of their adoption, a land where honest effort has a fair field, and the brighter days will come to you Molly Maguire.

That Molly, the humble apple-woman gratefully feels how much her condition has been improved by her coming to this country, only shows to what a depth of misery the great mass of the Irish people, unable to fly starvation and oppression, are plunged.—Molly is, or would be but for the bad news from home, happy as a queen, attending her little stand by one of the gates of the Park. Is it cold? Molly has her pipe to comfort her. Does it rain? There's an old umbrella and a bit of tough canvass among her personal effects, which protect her from the weather. Her gains average six shillings a day, and this, with what the "ould man" brings in, not only pays the rent of the cellar, and supplies them with an abundance of food, but obliges Molly to go once a month, and sometimes oftener to the Savings Bank, where she keeps her account. Such a life may seem comfortless to an American mechanic, but to the poor Irish, who have so often wanted a mouthful to appease their hunger, the plain dish of beef, with plenty of the praties—even once a day, is a substantial feast.

May Molly's pipe never want tobacco.



THE COOK.

Our cook, the heroine of the kitchen-range, is, in some respects, a remarkable woman.—She is well-educated, especially in her business, and yet she never read a book on cookery. We don't believe that she ever heard of Mrs. Glass, even, and as for the caution of that eminent authoress—"first catch your hare,"—she does not require it. Our cook is a jewel of a woman. She was born in Vermont, in her father's own house, and on his own farm. The chickens, killed and consumed there, were plucked of their feathers by her hands. And the sausages, which the family eat for breakfast, were eaten with confidence, for they were home-made.

It was some time after the scraggy farm in Chelmsford, became the pretentious city of Lowell, that our cook had it intimated to her that she must look out for herself. Up to this period, she had been well taken care of at home; had been regularly to the District school, sang in the choir, and had her beau. But the family grew large, and the farm was small. The two eldest children, boys, had gone to Boston to seek their fortunes. They wrote home that they were doing "famously," had first rate situations as clerks in stores, and would be merchants one of these days. The old folks were wonder-

fully encouraged, but still the little helpless ones were so numerous, and the farm so scantily productive, that the third child, our heroine, must do something for herself. The old man talked of Lowell and the fortunes to be made there; but the girl, shrewd and sensible, and liking the fresh, pure air she had breathed on her native hills; seeing, moreover the pale, thin girls, who had come back from the mills, for a week or two—determined that she would not be a factory girl.

No, she would go to Boston, where she was sure she could get a place in a respectable family.

The thing was resolved upon, and the day for setting out fixed.

The night previous to the departure, the father and the mother called around them the children. All were assembled in the "best room," and all looked thoughtful—even the youngest. The old man opened the Family Bible, the register of which contained the names of all that household, entered one after another as they were born, and one after another, they who had died, were there recorded—he opened in the New Testament, to the Sermon on the Mount, and read it through, his voice trembling now and then, as the thought forced itself on his heart, that

THE COOK.

another one of that group was about to go forth into the world, beyond the loving and caring influence of father and mother, to struggle for herself, and to have no stay or protection, but that which she derived from the education of her youth, and the sacred recollections of her home. Then the old man knelt down and prayed; prayed for her, as he had prayed for the other younglings of his little flock, when they went away into the world. This done, every trace of sadness was gone. The stage came to the door—there were smiles, and tears mingling, good-bye was said, and the parting scene was closed. So it is that New England parents send their children to take part in the struggles of life. Even those of "little faith," must be impressed with the simplicity, the truthfulness, the piety thus exhibited. The young one is commended, in full faith and confidence, to the protection of the Great Beneficence.

Our heroine found her two brothers, stylish young men, who dressed in fashion, went to church, and were altogether more "smartish" than the beaux of her native town, who were so regular in their attendance at the singing school. The brothers were greatly shocked, that their sister should think of taking a situation as a servant in a family.

Why didn't she go to the Lowell factories? Why didn't she learn a trade? It was not kind in her to come to Boston, and disgrace them and their family, by "hiring herself out as help!" The girl had a kindly heart, and it grieved her to see that the brothers were worried and annoyed by her presence in Boston. She would relieve them of the mortification of her presence. The world was large enough, and moreover there was a great city, two days travel towards the South. So she came to New York, where she had no brother to be mortified by her presence, and hired herself out as a cook. And a glorious cook she is, too! Not very attractive in person, with a face palpably and forcibly plain and homely, and moreover a *servant*, she has not had an offer—she is still unmarried. The two brothers, whose pride and ambition were so great, suddenly emigrated to Texas three or four years before Dr. Channing protested against annexation. The father and mother are dead, the homestead has gone into other hands, the little ones of the family are scattered. No thanksgiving will ever assemble there together again in this world!

But our heroine earns ten dollars a month—she is of a resigned and contented spirit, and, as we have already said, a first-rate—Cook.



THE WASHERWOMEN.

SOCIAL reform must begin with soap. The philanthropist of Cnatham street who devotes his life to the "dissemination of clean shirts," has laid the foundation upon which all other reformers must build, if they would succeed. John Neal has said it, and the experience of every child of humanity confirms the truth of the saying, that no man is fretful, peevish or inclined to quarrel, who has just put on a clean shirt. It is one of those gospel truths which requires no especial revelation to sustain it. A clean shirt takes kindly to a clean skin; it fraternizes with it, and the inner man and the outer are in harmony with each other. If, unfortunately, you meet a man who has nothing but evil to say of his fellow, do not regard his "dickey," however white or nicely starched, but be sure that he has a dirty shirt on. And when you come across a lady who delights in talking scandal, in telling the world of all the wickedness *she* knows there is in it, quietly mark it down in your memorandum book, that she is addicted to the wearing of dirty linen.—Depend upon it, both with man and woman so inclined, you will not be far out of the way in concluding that they are not the best customers of the washerwoman.

Sublime showers of soap suds philosophy, very welcome are ye to our columns! We approach thy tub with a sweet and reverent awe! Gratitude, a right estimate of thy services in the cause of humanity and progress, fill our heart and cause our pen to move with a stately measure, as though it were in the presence of royalty. Regard not us, but keep on with your washing. We but illustrate,

while you act. We are the historian who follows patiently, and with wonder and admiration, in the track of great events—the chorus which tells an amazed audience what you are doing.

Six shillings a dozen, you said, with buttons replaced! Hear it humanity! These sisters of the creamy soap, these naiads of suds, and regenerators of dirty linen, get only six shillings a dozen! Only a shilling for rendering a man quiet and amiable, at peace with himself and the world, and looking forward with a joyous hope to a blessed immortality—as every man must who wears a clean shirt! If you are wise enough to perceive and generous enough to acknowledge, the beneficent influence which the washerwomen exerts in the world, you will agree with us that this same world treats her with ingratitude. Soap does not yet hold its proper social rank. If the ancients had known the luxury of clean shirts, and the importance of the washerwoman, they would have painted her with wings hovering over the tub, and dipping gracefully into the suds; she would have been a kind of divinity among them, and there would have been extensive wash-houses of marble, in which she would have dwelt. They would not have condemned her to dark damp cellars, or high garrets, nor would they have allowed her to be cheated by her customers. It would have been death to have deprived her of her dues. A Roman washerwoman would have made "Rome howl" if she had lost the price of a single dozen.

But the poor washerwoman "suffers some" in these wicked days. She must pay cash for

THE WASHERWOMEN.

her soap, her indigo and her fuel; Croton water costs at least the labor of going to the hydrant for it; rents are higher, in proportion, to the washerwoman than her rich customers; and then she loses herp and there no contemptible sum every week. Her's is indeed a life of hard rubs. But to cap the climax of her wrongs, capital has recently entered into competition with her, and its hundred arms are eagerly catching at every dirty shirt in the city. We protest against the extensive laundries which have recently been established, and call earnestly on the washerwomen to organize and repel with indignation this last and most wicked outrage on their rights and privileges.

The votaries of the tub whose faces our artist has taken off, for to-day's issue, are sisters and old maids. They were born rich, and received an ordinary education. Aside from the misfortune which has reduced them to the necessity of bending over the tub, there has been but a single incident in their lives worthy of notice. They were both pretty, and devotedly attached to each other; and both inspired the same man with the same amount of attachment for each. They too loved him. This was a most awkward predicament to be in. The sisters had no secrets from each other, and their lover was entirely frank. He declared his inability

which to elect for wife, and which for sister-in-law, and implored them to settle the difficulty themselves. Were ever two sisters in so provoking and perplexing a situation? They refused to act, and the lover declined to make a choice. They resolved never to marry, and their resolution was easily kept, as we believe they were never tempted again. Their property faded gradually away—a rotten bank swept off a little, a ruined insurance company a little, and a rascally attorney cheated them of what was left. The sisters would have preferred some genteel employment; a boarding house was talked of—fine needle-work taken in, then coarser kinds of sewing,—until at last they ascertained that washing, though more laborious, was the most profitable. Gradually they brought their minds to it, and finally summoned courage to put a sign out. Since then they have operated pretty extensively, and have actually laid up a trifle in ready cash. They talk calmly over the events of their earlier days, give a sigh each to the memory of their first and only love, and pray earnestly for the happiness of the whole world, with a mental reservation only for the benefit of the attorney who cheated them. Very nice old maids, are these sisters, and very excellent WASHERWOMEN.



STREET MINSTRELS.

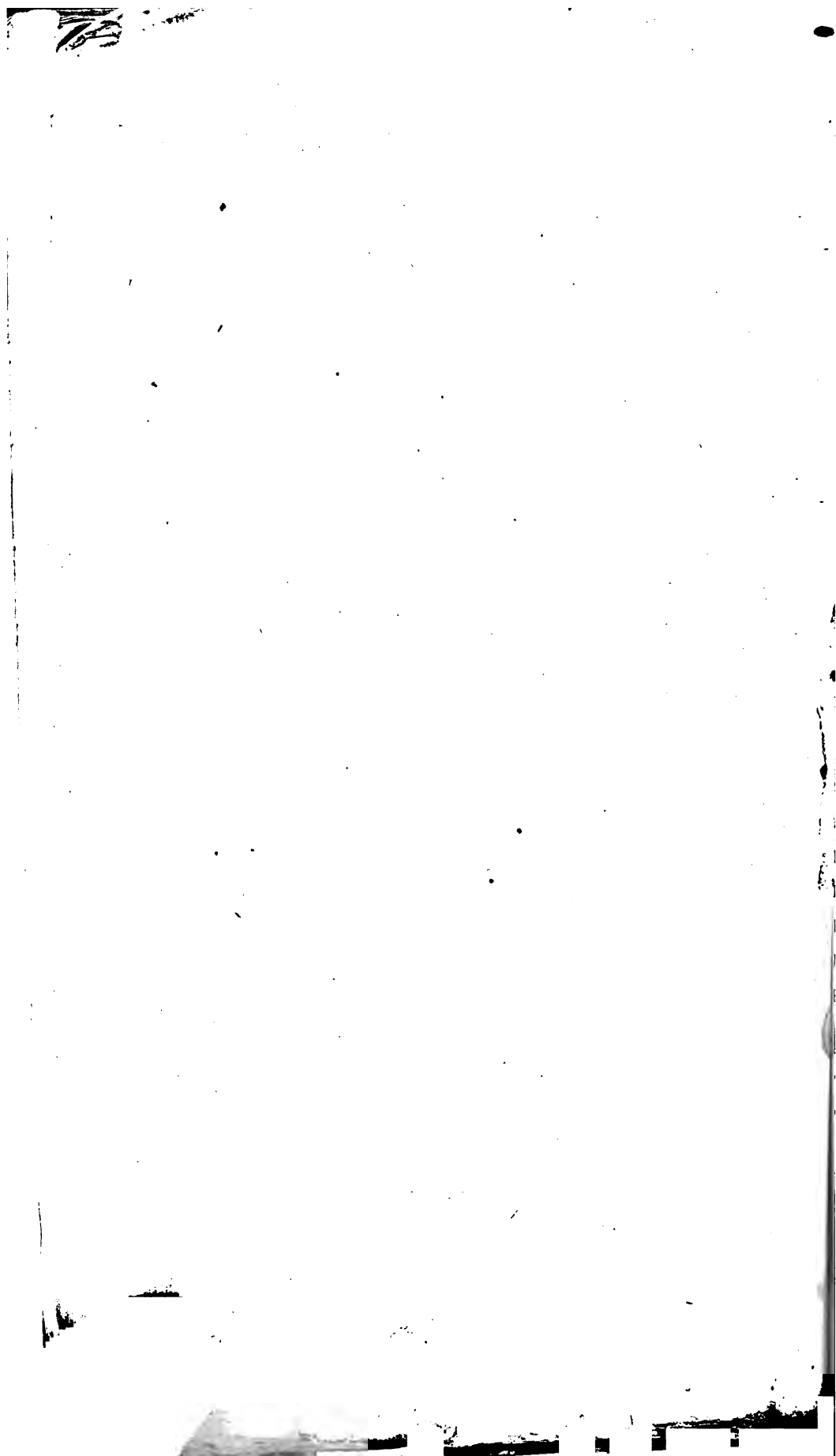
We cast from our sympathies more than one-half of these wandering street minstrels. Many of them are rogues who would as soon plunder a house, as amuse its inmates with the "monkey-shines" of their apes and the barrels of their organs. Others are stout, lusty fellows, who would do first rate service on a farm, turning up the soil, scattering the seed, pulling up rank weeds, and gathering a goodly harvest.

But now and then, it so happens in our walks about town, that we fall in with a dark brunette, turning the crank of her little organ, and a younger brunette, only a little less dark, thumming the tambourine in pretty accompaniment, ever and anon turning it up to catch the pennies of the passers-by.

And then, despite our colder nature, we go back to the warm sun which smiled upon, and the generous earth which nourished, these wandering minstrels of the street. Many the curses, few the pennies they receive. Yet, as if missioned to carry some sweet, simple strain to the hearts of child-

hood, causing them to throb with bright, beautiful longings—the heartily cursed, the scantily pensioned wanderers plod on their weary way. Can the grave philosopher tell what the infant, but two months old, with its intensely staring, yet seemingly expressionless eyes, gathers from the music of the street! The nurse, obedient to the command of her mistress, throws the itinerant a penny, and she passes on. But see! the newborn babe smiles—there are dimples in its cheeks, its little eyebrows curve, and the lines around the mouth—lines deepened and broadened by care in maturer age, now glow with the sunshine of the first impulse of happiness! The first drop of honey has been stored in the comb—there has gone home to that young heart, there to be fixed, an indelible impress, the first picture of beauty, to nestle and grow, to bud and blossom!

Have we aroused the kindlier sympathies of the reader? If so, when you meet them, bestow a kindly smile, and a few of St. Peter's pence upon our STREET MINSTRELS.



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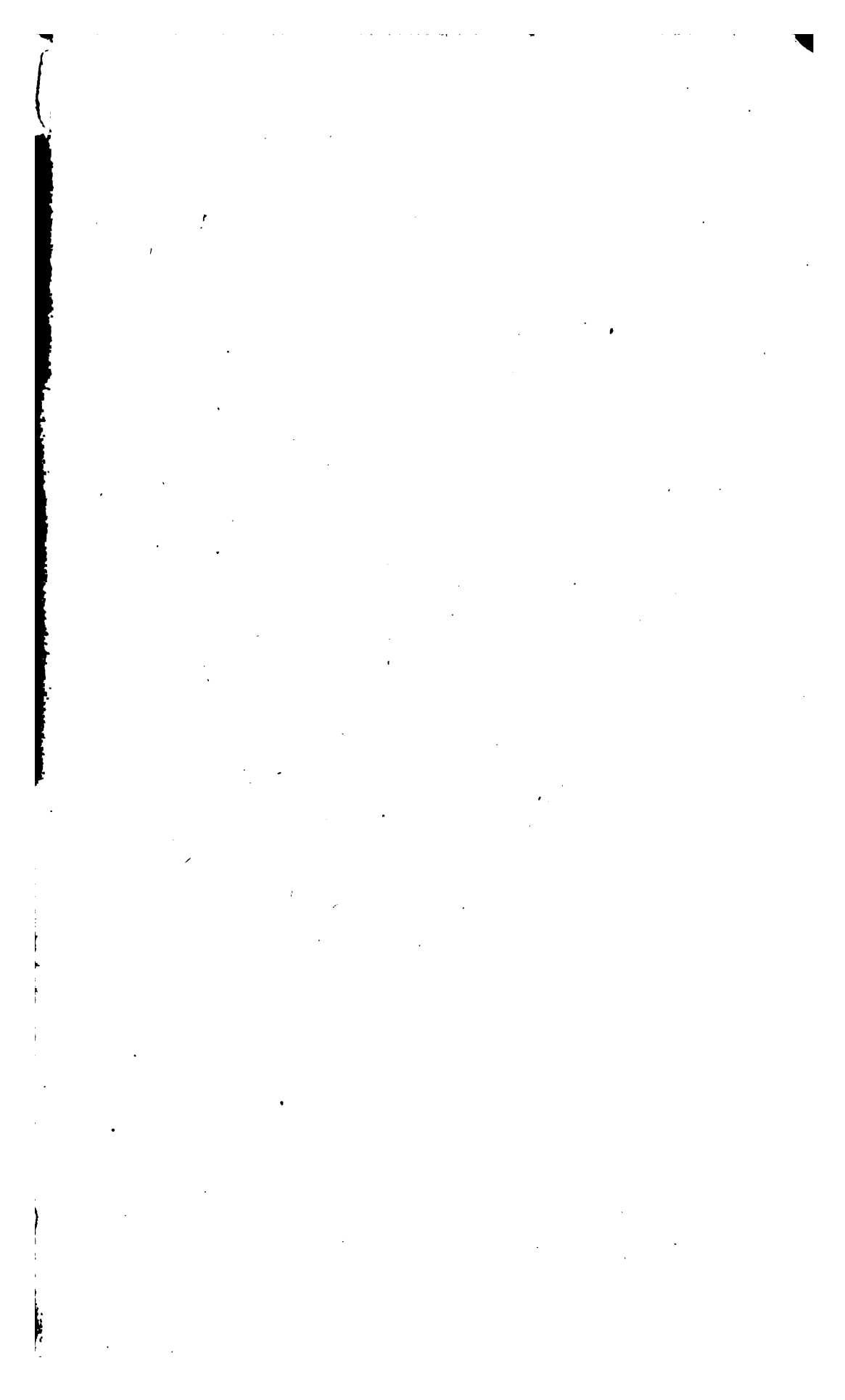
BY MRS. GREY.

THERE are some writers, who, by the excellence of their works, and their long-continued success, have achieved a reputation which would seem to place them beyond the reach of criticism, leaving nothing for the reviewer to do but to point out some striking feature, or call attention to some fresh trait which may characterize each new production. To no modern Novelist does this remark apply with greater justice than to the author of "PASSION AND PRINCIPLE." Every successive work of Mrs. GREY's seems to evolve some new truth, some new virtue, which she inculcates through a medium at once the most powerful and pleasing.

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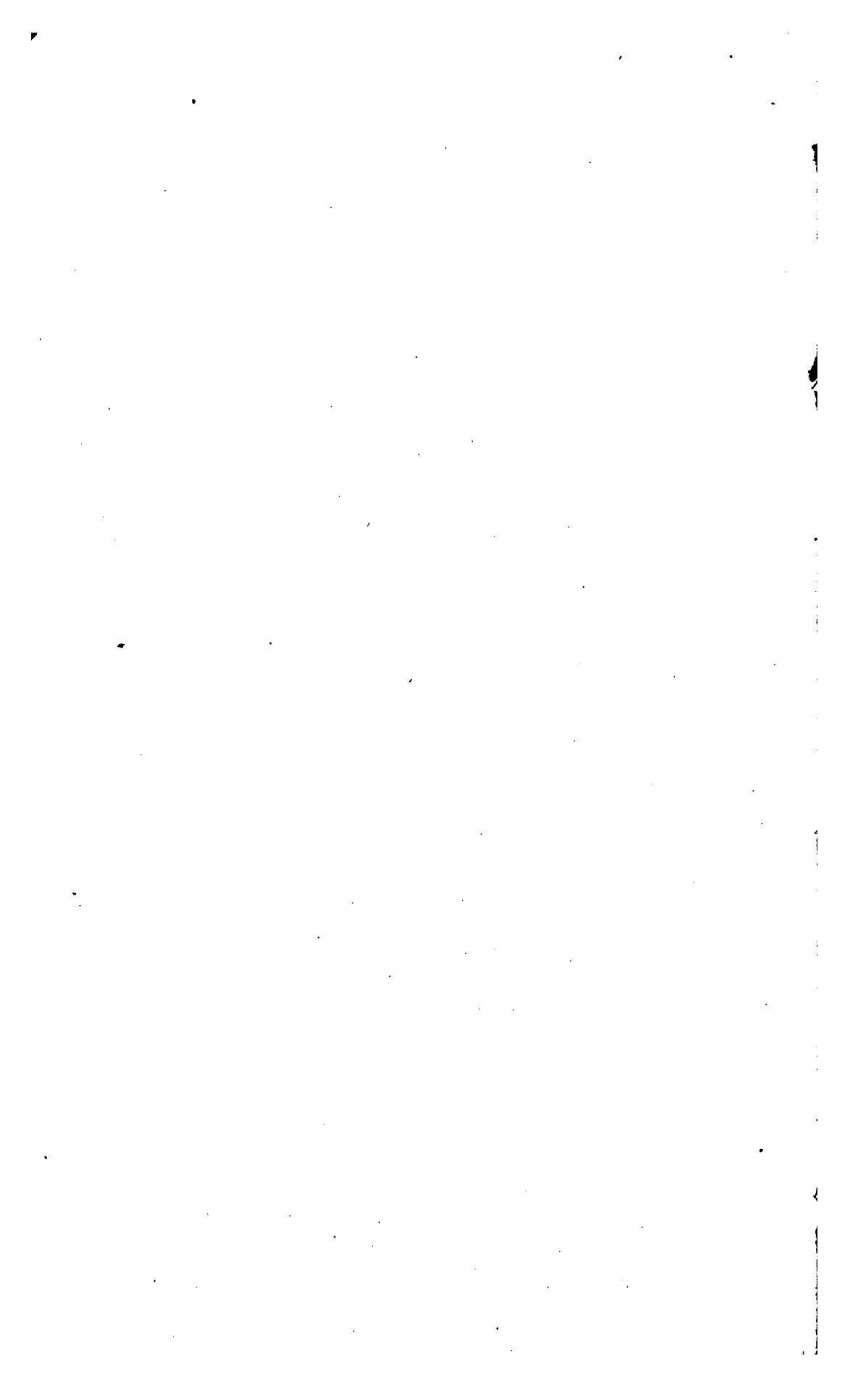
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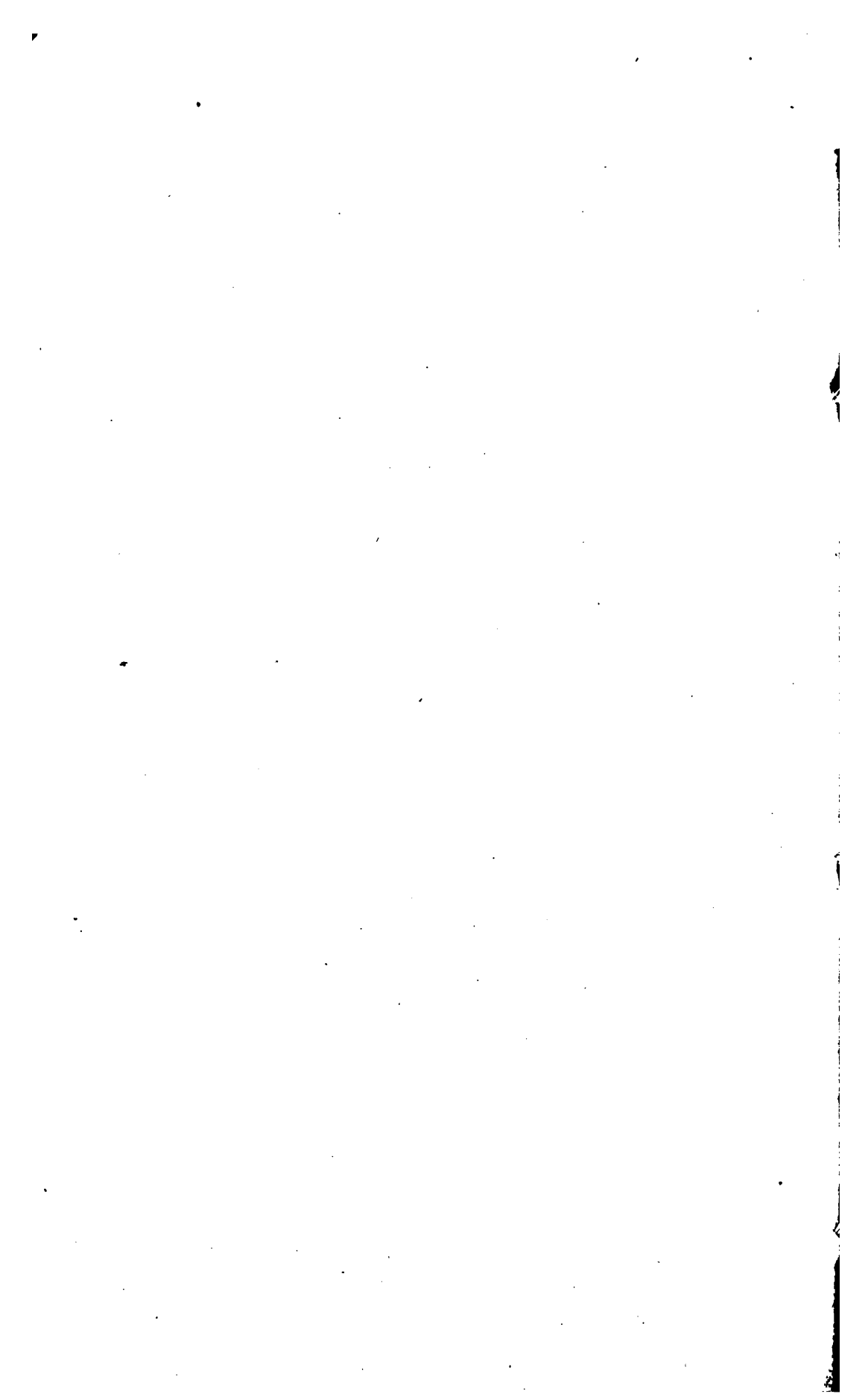
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